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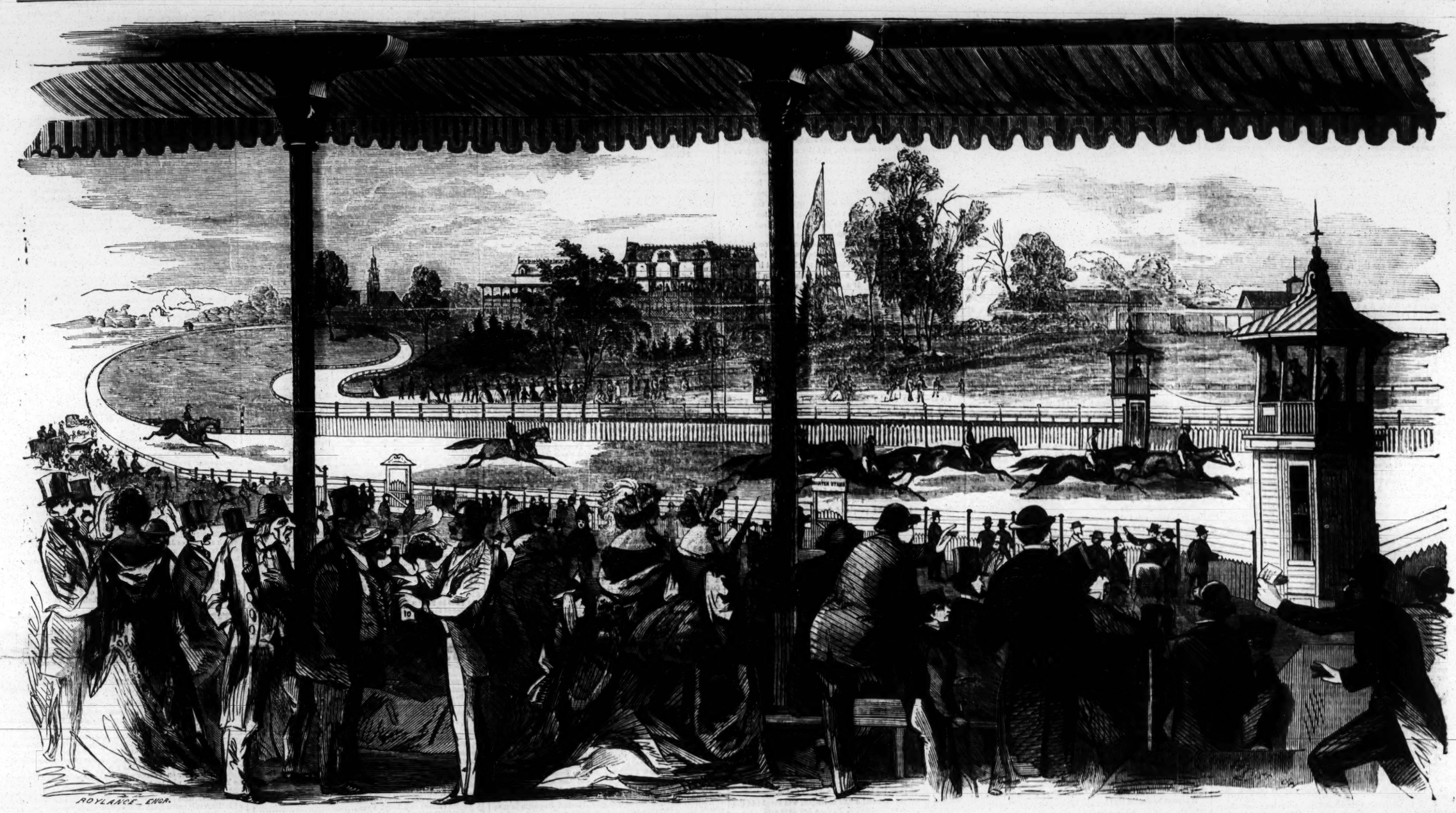

THE JEROME PARK COURSE,

WITH A LIFE-LIKE SCENE OF A RACE AT THE FINISH. Sketched on the ground by the CLIPPER'S artist.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

After the foregoing conversation they hurried into the park. It was a pretty scene; the autumn moon made the night almost too light for a good display, but the dark background of hills which rose almost from the outskirts of the park made amends as far as the set pieces were concerned, and threw up the colored fires with great brilliance. It was a very pretty scene that the lady moon looked down upon that calm, still evening, in the old park. A clear space, backed by the hills, and a little bit of rock and glade that made a miniature Alpine valley, and surrounded by trees as old, almost, as the castle itself, had been chosen by the earl for the exhibition. The turf had been mown and rolled till it was of velvet softness, and seats arranged in a semi circle at a safe distance. The proceedings were to take place on the very spot where, as tradition said, an air of Lorton had fallen by his father's hand; a spot which few persons cared to visit in the dark, but which, nevertheless, was one of the loveliest places on the estate. No one could see it now, however, and think of haunting ghost or eerie goblin in connection with its dark beauty; twinkling lamps hung here and there upon the trees like many hued fire flies, not enough to mar the effect of what was to be seen, but sufficient to show the beauty assembled to witness it. Beauty was there indeed; every type of the aristocratic loveliness of our country, blue eyed Saxon loveliness contrasting with the darker skins of the Norman race; bevies of light hearted girls with handsome, matronly mothers; white headed heads of families who lived over again in their children; noble fathers and handsome sons, all were there; and Lord and Lady Lorton, perhaps the handsomest of all. What light tripping over the green turf, what cautions from mothers and *chaperons* against cold, what drawing of coquettish hoods over shining and perfumed hair; but it is over at last and they sit expectant. A programme is in each fair hand of the evening's entertainments, and merry laughter rises from groups of ladies as they remark how like a real exhibition everything is arranged. They see that the wind-up is to be a grand explosion at the siege of that devoted town of canvas and wood work which rises behind the apparatus, so suggestive of skeletons, that occupies the space in front of them. Very beautiful the seeming skeletons will be by-and-by, and much whispered speculation as to how they will be managed takes place among the juveniles in the moments of waiting. Lord Lorton and his wife are seated, and Lady Agnes, but the young heir is missing.

"Where's Charley?" her ladyship asked. "Have you seen him, Harold?" There was anxiety in her tone—she could not help it; she seemed as if she could not bear her boy out of her sight for a moment.

"No; I thought he was here. Do you know where he is, Aggy? He should not run off like that. He is behind that screen, up to all sorts of mischief, I daresay."

"Oh, fetch him," said Laura; "he'll be getting into some danger; I know he will."

"You are very nervous to-night, my lady countess," her husband said, with a smile; "I'll send for the young truant," and beckoning the nearest footman, he bade him go and seek Lord Dornton.

"I beg pardon, my lord," the man said, "I think his lordship is with the theatre folk; he was talking to the old gentleman that manages, in the supper room, just now."

"Request him to come here," said the earl. "Oh, there he goes," as the lithe figure of the boy was seen running across a corner of the space enclosed, towards the miniature fortress. "Make haste, before they begin."

"Yes, my lord."

The man walked hastily away, and two or three figures enveloped in cloaks were seen passing along where the lad had passed. They were Mr. Schryme and those of the company who wished to see the rest of the amusements. Maggie Ross was among them; she had hastily changed the white drapery of Cordelia for her black dress, and come out. The golden arrow was still in her hair, and with her beautiful face and lady-like bearing she looked fit to mingle with the proudest there. No one noticed her now, however, as with her companions she sat down in the places reserved for them, nearer the rocks than most of the company. She hardly looked at the guests; she was watching Lord Dornton, who had insisted on what he was pleased to call renewing his acquaintance with her at the conclusion of the tableaux, and who had only just left her to run headlong into the very mischief his mother feared.

Already the servant is within a dozen yards of the woodwork, behind which his lordship has disappeared; the company are taking a last look at the programmes, which set forth the order of the exhibition which is to end with such a grand effect. End! surely they have made a mistake—it is to commence with the siege, for, even as they look and whisper, there comes a bright flash, lighting every object into fearful, lurid ghastliness—a loud explosion, and the minion town, the strange skeleton forms in front and the temporary shed behind fall into a heap of shapeless ruins, while blazing fragments fall on every side. The company start from their seats in alarm, and wonder whether what they have witnessed is a real or feigned catastrophe, till the pale looks and terrified faces of a few who rush to the spot tell the truth. It has been an accident, but how caused none can tell. Rumors fly from lip to lip; the proprietor of the fireworks is injured—is dead; some of the performers in the tableaux have shared his fate, &c. In a few moments, however, a more terrible rumor begins to circulate. The young heir—where is he? Many had seen him run behind that fatal curtain, but none had seen him come out, and there was a terrified rush to the spot. The countess watched the servant go in search of her boy, saw him stop, frightened, as the blinding flash of light arose, heard the terrible crash that told of destruction and danger, and fainted at her husband's feet.

"Take her in," was the earl's order, issued with quivering lips and white face, "to her own room, and let her hear nothing."

So the mother was borne insensible away, good Mrs. Wycherly followed sadly, and the earl went with a dread forboding to seek his son. The servants, pale and horror-stricken, were crowding to the scene of the disaster, which was a mass of ruins. An artificial grotto, which had been illuminated, had been destroyed, and the heavy stones of which it was composed lay in a confused heap upon the ground. Round these the crowd was busiest.

"Back, back, my lord," said a gentleman, earnestly, stepping forward, with white face and quivering lips. "Only for a few moments, my lord; let me entreat you not to go near."

"I am prepared for all I can see," he replied, in tones of outward calmness, though every nerve was thrilling with suppressed emotion. "Oh, Charley! my boy, my boy!"

The exclamation seemed to spring from the very depths of the father's heart. The group had made way for him, and he saw his heir—his pride, his darling—an insensible heap among the *debris*. Bending over him was Maggie Ross, her wrist tightly clasped by his unconscious hand. As the earl came up and bent distractedly over his son, she tried to free herself, but the convulsive grip tightened at the opposition. She looked up, appealingly.

"I was the first here," she faltered; "I was the nearest; I saw the stones fall on his lordship, and——"

"Do not move," said the earl, hoarsely. "Come to the house." The thought of his wife's forebodings, of her strange dreams, came confusedly to his mind as he stood beside his boy. There was the fair haired girl with the marked hand—there was his idolised son, stricken down in the midst of the *fete* by some sudden and mysterious fatality.

"It is the hand of Providence," he muttered, with a bursting heart. "Heaven is going to take our darling from us!"

And, assisting to carry what seemed to him the dead body of his son, he walked slowly towards the castle, with Margaret Ross by his side, her hand with the red streak grasped by another which bore the same strange mark—The Lorton brand. The earl sought his wife's room, flung himself into a chair, and for the moment gave up to a flood of grief, while the countess rested on her couch in a state of unconsciousness.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF THE FETE—SUNSHINE AND DEATH—MORNING AGAIN—MARGARET AND THE EARL—LORD DORNTON'S RISE.

It was a melancholy ending to a day begun in such gaiety and brightness. The guests, who had risen and fled in horror from the scene of the terrible catastrophe, left in frightened groups, and with one accord ordered their carriages to depart.

They could be no of use in such a scene of desolation. They could not comfort the distracted father or grief-stricken mother, nor restore to consciousness the pale, still form which lay, watched by so many loving eyes, in the state bedroom of Lorton Castle.

It was with no intent that he had been carried thither, but it was nearer the great staircase than his own boyish, cosey chamber on the second floor, and his bearers had deposited their helpless burden on the bed where many an heir of Lorton had first seen the light, where many a scion of that ancient house had taken his last look at the world and its belongings.

The time was come again for a Lorton to die there; for the heir of the house to breathe his last beneath its emblasoned canopy; for a father to hang over the dying bed of his only son, and for a mother to lay her head on her child's pillow and look in vain for a recognizing glance from the eyes that but now were so loving, so full of hopeful, healthy life.

The countess recovered from the swoon into which sudden fright had thrown her to find her idolized son insensible to all around him, unconscious to even his mother's gentle touch, his sister's tender words.

Laura was calm, terribly so under her fearful affliction, and took her place by the bedside of her boy as still as a marble statue, doing for him herself anything that was ordered to be done, applying vain restoratives, dropping useless medicines into his unconscious mouth, putting aside other hands that would have touched him with a mute, appealing look there was no resisting, but with perfect calmness and freedom from excitement, which terrified her husband exceedingly.

She would not speak, scarcely look at any one or anything but her boy. It was like the frightful calm of a sleep-walker.

"Let her alone, my lord," was the advice of the physician, restraining the earl, who would have striven to arouse her. "Tears will come by-and-by, I trust, to break that strong composure; till then, do not thwart or disturb her."

Lord Lorton sighed deeply, and desisted from what was indeed a futile attempt to induce the countess to speak to or notice him at all. All her thoughts, her very life, almost, seemed concentrated on her dead son. Once only had she spoken since the lifeless form had been carried into the house, and that was when the physician turned for the first time from the examination of the injuries, with a face which said as plainly as face could speak, "no hope," and said something to her husband. Then she raised her eyes from her boy's face, and grasping him by the arm, said in a hoarse voice—

"Will he die?"

The physician hesitated. The question was so sudden and the manner in which it was put so peculiar, that he almost feared to reply.

"Madam, I—that is," he began.

"The truth," she said, in the same husky tones. Tell me the truth. Will my boy die or no?"

She read her answer in his pitying eyes, which were bent so gently and earnestly on her blanched face, and only saying, quietly, "I knew it," turned again to her son's dying face. The nearest advice had been hastily summoned, and more celebrated, if not more able assistance sent for on the instant, so that all that human skill could do for the dying boy was done, alas! without avail. Towards morning it became terribly apparent that a few hours were all that remained of life to the light-hearted lad on whom the Earl of Lorton had looked with such pride in the morning, as his tenantry had shouted a delighted response to his shyly spoken words. Dying! with the bright sun streaming in, as if in defiant mockery of all human grief! Dying! without one recognizing glance for the loved ones he is leaving in such sorrow—without one word to the mother who bends over him in agony, or the father, who holds his unconscious hand, as if he would defy the destroyer to take from him his son—to the dear sister, whose sobs are but half stifled by the bed clothes, as she vainly strives to hush her own agony when she thinks of her mother's greater grief. Lady Agnes had loved her brother with all the affection of her girlish heart. She had made a sort of idol of handsome, merry, careless "Charley," and she could hardly realise the terrible blow that was coming upon her. She could only weep—a perfect rain of tears, such as those about her would have given much to see flow from the eyes of the countess. Mrs. Wycherly is there, too, kind and motherly, helping with ready hand in all that is to be done, and poor old Mrs Marsh, trembling and terrified, and thinking fearfully of the dreadful fulfillment of the Lorton prophecy, and of her mistress' dream, of which she has heard. The dowager countess is not by her grandson; her nerves have given away under the shock, and she has been carried to her own room, almost as unconscious as her dying darling. None stand around the bed save the family, Mrs. Wycherly, and the old housekeeper, who has seen three generations of Lortons and seems like one of themselves. None? Yes, one, the fair girl on whose hands the death-stricken fingers closed with their last conscious clasp. Maggie Ross there, as near to the dying boy as though she indeed were united to him by the binding tie of sisterhood. Ever and anon, as sensation lessens, the clasping hand has loosed her wrist, and she has essayed to move from the scene which she feels she has no right to witness; but always as she stirs the dying boy seems feebly to search for something, and the countess motions her to remain, and the earl whispers, "stay;" so Mr. Wortley's *ballet* girl sits on, hour after hour, by the death-bed of the heir of Lorton, and looks with love and pity on his insensible face, sheds hot tears on the hand that clasps hers from brown eyes, strangely, fearfully like those over which death is drawing his filmy curtain, and those which are dimmed by fatherly tears as every fleeting moment carries his son further and further from his loving heart.

Morning again; a bright, glorious, many hued autumn morning, with every flower and leaf in the countess' garden looking its brightest to welcome the glowing sun, with the grass springing green in the little paddock where Lord Dorton's pony and various other four-footed pets are wont to meet a loving welcome from their young master's hand.

Morning in the darkened chamber, where Laura lies with her daughter clasped to her heart, in grief too great for words.

Morning over half the broad earth, the red sun rising, as he had risen through all time, unmindful of the grief which each day's life brings with it, as he will rise till time shall be no more; and all human griefs and joys, sufferings and pleasures, are swallowed up in infinite eternity.

No window at Lorton Castle has opened in welcome to the new bright day; the passing bell has boomed from the little church tower over the quiet village and told a sympathizing tenantry of the sorrow that had come to their lord.

The young heir was dead, and as the hollow clang of the bell rang out, startling the simple villagers at their morning meal, many a burst of honest tears would have told the sorrowing father, could he have seen them, how he and his child were loved.

Maggie Ross left the castle early, but not before she had had a comfortable breakfast and rest in the old housekeeper's apartments. She had wept bitterly, with a strange interest she could not account for, in what she had witnessed, and Mrs. Marsh was very well pleased with the simplicity and unobtrusiveness of the young girl, who sought the first opportunity of leaving the castle unobserved.

She made her lie down in her confortable room, and take the rest she needed after her unwonted excitement; told Mr. Barton, who inquired for her, that she should keep her till noon, and ordered some refreshment for her before she joined her companions at the inn. Mr. Barton and his troupe, the pyrotechnist and his assistant, the musicians, and all who had contributed in any way to the gaiety of the evening, had hastily retired from the house and betaken themselves to the village immediately after the terrible accident which had put such a dreadful stop to the festivities, where they became lions immediately, as people who had been behind the scenes, and, as the country folks expressed themselves, "knew the rights of it," and they held *levees* at their respective lodgings till a late hour of the night, or rather an early one in the morning; indeed, it was a matter of doubt whether some of them went to bed at all, judging from their appearance when daylight came. They were not forgotten, however, in midst of the sorrow and distraction at the castle. The earl sent his valet to them with full payment for their services and orders that they were to have whatever they required at his expense, which some of them did not fail to do. Mr. James Barton made a most eloquent speech of polite thanks to the earl's gentleman, expressive of his deep sympathy with the family affliction, and offered his hand to that functionary in a majestic manner as if rather proud of his own condescension than otherwise, but the valet did not seem much impressed by it, and took a far warmer leave of little, insignificant Mr. Schryme, who was decidedly the shabbiest person of the party, and who only said in as many words how sorry he was; but then, genuine tears stood in his eyes, and his face spoke as well as his tongue. Margaret Ross was just taking leave of Mrs. Marsh and some of the upper servants, who were as much delighted with her as the housekeeper had been, when a messenger came from the earl's apartments stating that "his lordship wished to see Miss Ross before she went."

"To see me!" exclaimed Maggie, in surprise—"at such an hour? There must be some mistake!"

The servants looked at one another in surprise; it was singular that their master should have asked for *her* in the midst of his deep grief, for he had been reported as hardly able to bear any one going into the room where he sat; and Mrs. Marsh said—

"He wishes to ask you something about last night, my dear, I daresay. There, go; and don't look so frightened."

"Are you sure it was me?" she asked the man, for she half doubted what she heard.

"Yes, miss," he replied. "Particularly, his lordship said twice over. I was to send for you if you were gone."

The man spoke respectfully; at any other time, perhaps, he would have deputed a message to a "*ballet girl*" to humbler lips, but his master's tone had influenced him; the earl had bid him find "Miss Ross and beg the favor of a few minutes conversation with her," in the same courteous manner in which he would have spoken of an equal, and the valet took up the cue, after the manner of valets in general, and was as respectful and ceremonious as if Maggie were a duchess.

Maggie followed him, wondering and nervous, to the library, where the closed blinds and darkened windows gave outward evidence of the mourning within. The earl was seated there alone, very pale, and with his handsome face drawn into lines which told of inward suffering and made him look as if years instead of hours of grief had been his portion.

"Come nearer, Miss Ross," he said, as Maggie stood where the servant had left her, just within the door—"come here, my dear, and sit down, and let me thank you for your kindness and patience last night."

Maggie's eyes filled, and she stammered something about not having done anything. She looked up into his face as he spoke, and reminded him with terrible distinctness of his dead son.

"How fearfully like," he mentally exclaimed, "color and expression, and all. There must be something in it. I cannot talk much to you now," he continued, aloud, "but I wanted to see you before you left. You are going back to your situation, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I want you to make me a promise, Miss Ross; don't look so surprised; it won't be very difficult to keep, though it will seem strange to you, coming from me, very likely. I feel interested in you, my dear; perhaps I shall tell you why sometime, and I want you to always let me know where you are. Will you do so?"

"Yes, sir—my lord, I mean," stammered Maggie.

"Never mind my title," he said, kindly, "if it had not been for—for what has happened," he went on, "I should most likely have had something very different to say to you; but I don't wish to lose sight of you. Let me know if you change your situation; you can write to Mrs. Marsh. As long as we hear nothing I shall conclude you are still at the—what theatre is it—the Albert?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then, if you leave you will write to Mrs. Marsh. It is no idle curiosity about your affairs, my dear, that makes me ask, but I cannot talk to you this morning. "Stay a moment," he continued, as she was turning away, and taking with some difficulty a ring from his little finger, "this was my poor boy's; they brought it to me just now. You will like some little memento of him; take this."

He folded it hastily in a bit of paper, and put it into her hand. She tried to speak her thanks, but her feelings were too highly wrought, and she could only weep. The earl rang the bell, and pressing her hand kindly, gave her into his valet's charge again to be conducted back to the housekeeper's room. There she found Mr. Barton, impatient of her coming, and with him she was obliged to hurry away, amid the kind adieux of the housekeeper and the servants, who had, one and all, as they expressed it, "taken quite a fancy to her."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BARTON'S INQUIRIES—RETURN TO LONDON—THE FUNERAL.

Mr. James Barton's manner was wonderfully changed to Maggie as they walked across the park to the village. She had become a person of importance in his eyes; she had been honored with the immediate notice of the Earl of Lorton, whom he had already begun to speak of as "my generous patron," and she was by no means to be lightly regarded.

"I wonder what he's been saying to her now," he ruminated, as they went along; "she looks flushed and agitated. Can he have hinted anything to her, or questioned her about her father. Well, she knows nothing if he did. She's Maggie Matthews for aught she knows. I'll ask her."

"So you saw the earl, Maggie—that is, Miss Ross?"

"Yes," was all the young girl's reply; her heart was too full to speak more.

"And what did he say to you, my dear? I suppose he's in great trouble."

"He didn't say much," she replied, not feeling as if it were politic to let Mr. Barton know everything. He did seem in great trouble."

"Ah, he might well," was the reply. "The loss of a man's heir entails all sorts of disagreeable consequences, setting aside the grief and regret, and all that. And did he say nothing?"

"Only thanked me, and gave me a ring of poor Lord Dornton's.

"Hem, mean!" was the gentleman's internal comment, but he only said, with a smile, "Let's look at it, my dear."

Maggie opened her purse, where she had deposited the little packet, and, lo! the enveloping paper was a twenty pound note.

"He's made a mistake? He couldn't mean it; I did nothing!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, he meant it fast enough," said Barton, coarsely eyeing the note with greedy eyes; "rich people are fond of paying for nothing. You're in luck, Miss Maggie, that ring's worth a trifle; they're diamonds." He looked at the pretty bauble in his hand with greedy eyes. The diamonds were of the purest water—one stone of moderate size, set round with a circle of smaller ones, more a lady's ring than a gentleman's; but it had been a fancy of the young lord's.

"Poor Lord Dornton!" said Maggie, her tears dropping over the bright stones; what a nice boy he seemed."

"When did he see you before? He spoke to you like an old acquaintance."

"Oh, I saw him once, a long time ago, before I ever saw you, Mr. Barton," she replied.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, before I came to London at all; that is, before I came as an actress. It was when my father was living."

"And where might you see Lord Lorton, if it is not a rude question, Miss Maggie?"

"At Cremorne."

"Cremorne?"

"Yes, the night of the grand *fete*."

"And what were you doing there?"

"Helping my aunt; my uncle kept a public house, and he had a contract that season to supply American drinks, and my aunt took me with her; she thought I should like to see all the great people."

"And you saw the earl there?"

"Yes," said Maggie, somewhat surprised at Mr. Barton's curiosity, and wondering what it might mean. "I saw the earl and poor Lord Dornton and Lady Agnes. I didn't see the countess then."

"But how did you know it was the earl? Pardon me, Miss Ross, I have a motive, and a very strong one, for what I am asking you."

"I think he told me himself, but I almost forget; I know my aunt said it was Lord Lorton, and I heard other people speak of him, too."

"But what made him speak to you?"

"This," replied Maggie, drawing off her glove and pointing to the streak upon her hand. "This odd mark; it is very ugly, is it not?"

"It will be very useful some day," thought Mr. Barton to himself. "Not very ugly—very curious;" he said aloud. "It can hardly be called a disfigurement. But what about that mark and Lord Lorton?"

"I was serving in my uncle's tent and Lord Dornton came in with his papa, and they each had a glass of something—I forget what; but they laughed at the name of it, and Lady Agnes had some, too; and when I took his glass from him he saw this mark and called

me what I had done to my hand. And when I said it was a mark, he called his lordship and Lady Agnes to look and showed me his own hand, that was exactly like it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

S. AND P., Newbern, N. C.—"A bets B that the Constitution of the State of North Carolina, at the election just over, would be ratified by a majority of ten thousand or over; B bets it would not be ratified by so much of a majority. The vote is over ten thousand. B refuses to give up the money on account of fraud, and claims that he is right in refusing to give up the bet. It is agreed to leave the matter to the decision of the editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. Will you decide?".....As the commander of the State has decided that the Constitution was ratified by more than ten thousand majority, and as the Constitution is now accepted as the law, A is rightfully entitled to the money wagered in the bet between himself and B.

A. M., Boston, Mass.—Jem Ward, ex-champion of England, was born Dec. 25, 1800. He defeated Acton, Burke (brother to Woolwich Burke), Ned Baldwin, Rickers, Jemmy, the Black, Sampson (twice), Tom Cannon, Phil Sampson (turn-up), Jack Carter and Simon Byrne; was beaten by Josh Hudson and Peter Crawley; fought a draw with Abbott, and forfeited £100 to Simon Byrne. On July 14th, 1831, a champion's belt was given to Ward at Harry Holt's benefit.

J. S. R., New York.—"1. At cribbage, A plays a deuce, B an ace, A a tray, B a four, and A another deuce. To how many holes is A entitled for his last sequence? 2. A plays a tray, B a four, C a five, D a deuce, A an ace and B a five. Is B entitled to any points, as a sequence for his last five?".....1. Four holes. 2. No. Your calculations were all quite right.

JAMES L., Lynn, Mass.—The individual who was arrested some weeks since at Portsmouth, N. H., for an aggravated assault upon a young girl, and who gave the name of Mathew W. Moore, is not "Rockey" Moore, who fought George Rooke. The latter has not been in that neighborhood since October last.

F. L., Rhinebeck, N. Y.—1. By studying carefully the rules laid down in some good work upon the subject you may acquire considerable knowledge of the art, but can never become proficient without the services of a teacher. 2. Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, ANN street, this city, for Ed. Price's book.

SHORT DISTANCE PED., Atlanta, Geo.—1. George Seward's 9¼ seconds is the fastest one hundred yards time on record. 2. No record of quarter of a mile walking time; half mile, 3'18, by Westhall; one mile, 6:42, by Boyd, the North Star. 3. A letter addressed in our care will reach him.

SUCKER, Bradford.—1. The only one we know of at present that proposes coming is Her Majesty's Driesbach's Menagerie. Others may come before the season closes. 2. One dollar for three months, and twenty-five cents postage, Canadian money, or five dollars for the year.

ROSINHEAD, New York.—"A and B are playing cribbage; A plays a 6, B a 5, A a 4, and takes 3 for the sequence; B then plays a 7 and claims a sequence of 4, viz: 6, 5, 4, 7, which A says is not allowed according to the rules of the game—which is right?".....A is wrong; B made a proper claim.

G. E. M., Philadelphia.—1. M. Costa. 2. It has failed to attract a paying house for the past month. 3. Sangalli, Morlacchi, Blasini and De Rosa. 4. Sohlke came to this country with the De Pol troupe. 5. The De Pol troupe was the best seen in this country for a long time.

J. R., Binghamton, N. Y.—Opinions of competent judges vary as to who is the best broadsword dancer, different persons excelling in certain movements. Lawrence D. Robertson, of this city, was awarded the international medal competed for at Jones' Wood on July 1st, 1867.

HUNTER AND JACKSON, Quincy, Ill.—1. Different men at different distances. E. D. Davis is considered the fastest one hundred yards runner. 2. W. H. Bernard. 3. Charley Pottengill has one of the best.

STEAMBOATING ON THE HUDSON.—The Alida is recorded as having made the trip from New York to Albany, 160 miles, in 6 hours and 21 minutes. The South America is said to have made 26 miles in one hour on the North river.

OSCAR PIPES, Westfield, Mass.—1. Grant is General; Sherman Lieut-General. 2. Dexter's time in the match with Ethan Allen and running mate is not recorded, although taken by two of the judges for the satisfaction of some outside parties.

H. L. J., Louisville, Ky.—The Union Base Ball Club of Morrisania, N. Y., is at present the champion club of the United States, and if of the States the inference is strongly in favor of its being the champion club of the world.

J. B. M., Woband, O.—1. Remit $1.35. 2. Our opinion is that you are mistaken, for the best of billiard players often make a "scratch" or lucky shot.

BARNEY F., Covington, Ky.—We despise such men, but we cannot open our columns for private business, or we should be flooded with similar communications.

CONSTANT READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Hyer and Sullivan fought at Rock Point, Kent County, Md. 2. Sullivan beat Bob Caunt near Harper's Ferry, Va.

F. T., Providence, R. I.—1. Not in this country. 2. Lang and Richards ran a dead heat at Manchester, Eng., in 4 min. 17¼ secs.

CURRAN & KILDARE, Chicago, Ills.—Gladiateur ran one mile and seventeen yards in 1 min. 39 secs., at Newmarket, England—the best time on record.

KENO.—The cards having been packed, the error cannot be rectified and you win. Your opponent ought to have looked out for himself.

W. H. C., Bowling Green.—We cannot inform you where he is at present. If you could inform us what company he was in when you last heard of him we might trace him up.

TOMMY.—The English system in betting is simply in laying certain staked odds against every horse in the race. It will never supersede pool selling in this country, we think.

BUSHEL DANCER, Philadelphia.—John Diamond died in your city Oct. 29th, 1857. His remains were interred in Cathedral Cemetery.

S. H. W., Crystal Springs, Washington, D. C.—We cannot inform you where you can get 100 pigeons weekly. They are difficult to be met with at this season.

J. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—Dan Donnelly *did* fight in England—at Crawley Hurst, a little over thirty miles from London, when he defeated Oliver.

E. V. L., Cheyenne, Dakotah.—You can win on a sure thing, and are entitled to the money, provided you did not resort to fraud to bring said sure thing about.

T. W. J., Reading, Pa.—1. There is no belt for the champion oarsman. 2. Three miles, 22:27; five miles, 37:39. 3. Items are always acceptable.

H. J. A., North Greenbush.—Grant is General—Sherman is Lieut. General. The rank of General was created expressly for Grant.

ZERO.—A man is justified in betting on a sure thing providing he does not resort to fraud to make it so.

TOM COLEMAN, Fond Du Lac, Wis.—80 cents for each insertion, or $6.25 for 13 times.

TYRO, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Write to Andrew Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street, this city, for John Goulding's work.

PED, Chicago, Ill.—Jimmy Griffin is at present keeping a public House in Boston.

AMATEUR, Philadelphia. 1. Five dollars a week for a supernumerary. 2. From three to five hundred dollars.

J. P. C., Elmira.—We have not the rules of the pit. Write to Harry Jennings, Portland street, Boston. He will supply it.

MONTGOMERY.—The Poughkepsie track is a three quarter mile course.

D. E. W., Fortress Monroe.—Gladiateur's 1:39 for 1 mile 17 yards is the fastest on record.

SHORT STOP, St. Louis.—We do not know what they use down east. Consult the nearest druggist.

W. E. C., Cleveland, O.—By sending on a report you will oblige us, and our thanks will be due you.

J. C. G., Dayton, O.—The fastest mile running time in America is 1:44. In England, 1:39.

A READER, Saginaw City.—Tim Hays and Dick Sands have frequently danced together in public.

J. C. R.—Morrisey beat Thompson in August, 1852; Sullivan October 12, 1853, and Heenan October 20, 1858.

ANONYMOUS, Washington.—Your item should have been authenticated with your real name.

G. A. M., New Haven, Ct.—"In playing seven-up A deals, turns up a Jack; B begs; A runs off the cards and makes a misdeal. The first six were right. Does his Jack count?".....Yes.

SUBSCRIBER, Middletown, Ct.—1. Yes, in any first class billiard saloon. 2. The clerk of the weather prevents previous arrangements, so that we cannot advise you about the ball match.

JOE HIGHFALUDEN, Reading, Pa.—The battle between Jem Smith and Jim Kelly, in Australia, the longest on record, occupied six hours and fifteen minutes.

CHARLIE, Washington, D. C.—"In playing a draw game of dominoes A blocks the game; is his opponent obliged to draw the balance of the pieces?".....Yes.

JOHN LAWTON.—You can get one from $100 to $300 according to the amount of work required. Write to E. Bruno, care this office, who can give you all particulars.

G. W. D., Philadelphia.—William Stearnes came to his death on the night of Jan. 29th, 1861, by falling down stairs at his residence in Philadelphia.

D. D., Aboyne.—The New York Caledonian Club will hold their annual games at Jones' Wood, this city, on the 3d of September next.

W.—One mile and seventeen yards in one minute and thirty-nine seconds, by Gladiateur, is the fastest running time on record.

G. R. P., Danbury.—You can burlesque any opera and produce it, provided no one else has done so and copyrighted the title.

CIRCUS, Auburn.—1. Neither show will visit your city this summer. 2. Write to Wilmer and Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, this city, for the *Era*.

AMITY.—1. She is the same Kitty Blanchard that performed in music halls in this city several years ago. 2. From forty to fifty dollars a week.

ARTHUR, New Orleans.—1. He is a better end man. 2. Cannot inform you what is his real name. 3. Unsworth is the best of the two.

J. H. D., Rochester, N. Y.—Coburn was there, but Mace left for England the night previous to the day fixed for the battle.

E. P. K., Boston.—Miss Ames is the right name of Miss Amy Girdlestone, who lately made her *debut* in Philadelphia.

ADMIRER.—1. Dan Bryant. 2. Billy Emerson is so considered by some, while others prefer Johnny Thompson.

KEYSTONE, Baltimore.—The "Curious Letter" you sent us is as old as the hills. Write something fresh.

O. AND K., Wilmington, Del.—Both are proper, but "lady" is the most general and polished mode.

ASH, Philadelphia.—We have not heard of her being married again since she was divorced.

A SUBSCRIBER, Wood's Run, Pa.—We cannot impart the information you desire.

J. H. S., Springfield.—Josie has not been in this city since last fall.

E. E. C., Lima.—1. Lucille and Helen Western are sisters; 2. Lucille is considered the most profitable star of the two.

A. B. C., Philadelphia.—She is at present in this city. A letter sent to this office will reach her in time.

PHŒNIX, Reading, Pa.—Trinity steeple is 286 feet in height and it tops above high water level 336 feet.

DECATHLETE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Do not know his address. Direct your letter to the General Post Office.

P. R. Y., Harrisburg, Pa.—Write to Stephen Roberts or James McKay, stating what you desire.

H. L., Keokuk.—We have not yet published his biography, and probably shall not.

H. JONES, Oswego Falls.—He still does business at No. 118 Nassau street, N. Y.

THOS. HIGGINS, Boston, Mass.—A deposit will ensure a notice of your challenge.

R. P. M., Fort Loraine.—She is at present playing in San Francisco.

UNKNOWN, Milford.—A wins; but what a foolish question to ask.

R. P. H., Albany, N. Y.—Blackey is not limited to weight.

SENEX.—1. Frank Queen. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Monday.

JOE, Chicago.—We have a "regular" in your city.

CONSTANT READER.—Cusick is over forty years of age. Cannot say how much. 2. He has not yet got to be a grandfather. 3. He fought a man named Armstrong, according to the rules of the P. R., and beat him. 4. Irish. 5. We are not aware whether his arm is deformed or not. 6. He was not present at the shooting affray you allude to.

G. W. S., Washington, D. C.—If you refer to the Union Club, of Morrisania, the nine is as follows:—Birdsall, catcher; Pabor, pitcher; Goldie, first; Beals, second; Shelly, third; Wright, short; Smith, left field; Austin, centre; Simmons, right.

H. MAGUIRE, New York.—At cribbage A plays a 6, B a 4, C a 5, taking five holes. Then D plays another 5, and claims five holes, two for a pair and three for a sequence. Is he right?.....No, he was only entitled to two points for the pair. He made no sequence.

CAROLAN, St. Louis.—1. He did. 2. Mace left Ireland for England the night before the day fixed for the fight. 3. Coburn received £100 from Mace for his expenses, and the balance was drawn.

J. R., Camden.—1. Bradley never challenged any man in the United States for $10,000. 2. He was never considered champion. 3. Hyer never forfeited to him.

L. G. T., Louisville, Ky.—We do not answer questions by mail. The Athletics are not champions; never have been, but have worked hard for it.

BILL JORDAN, of Manchester, Eng.—Anybody knowing the whereabouts of this individual will confer a favor by sending his address to this office.

CONSTANT READER.—In a game of quoits, if the hub is moved or bent, the rule to "measure from nearest quoit to hub" holds good.

TIM, Weehawken.—Johnny Golden, of Warren Hall, Brooklyn, defeated Corsey Jack for $100 a side in 16 rounds, lasting 45 minutes, in Brooklyn, recently.

GEORGE BLUE, Baltimore.—1. Joe and Barney are married. Cannot say whether McCoole is or not. 2. We believe he does in the coming match with Edwards. 3. They are friendly enough.

B. C. S., Houlton.—1. The fight between Heenan and Morrissey was for the championship. 2. You are right; he lost both fights. 3. It was not a ring fight.

BASE BOWLER, Troy.—1. Edwin Booth. 2. Hamlet. 3. Joseph Jefferson.

B. W., Avon.—He has not yet called for his letters. If we see him we will give him your address.

SWAN, Wappingen.—1. He is an Irishman. 2. Morrissey was much the worst beaten of the two.

W. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—Coulter is a married man; Hamill has not yet committed matrimony.

WILLIAMS, St. John.—It is a matter of opinion upon which we do not care to decide.

ED. V., Louisville.—Nothing can be done until the men are out of prison. 2. Five thousand each side.

HAWKEYE, La Crosse, Wis.—All outside bets are off, according to the rules, if the men do not fight within the week.

S. L. M., Covington.—1. Neither man wins. 2 Each man gets his money back.

ORION, Philadelphia.—The two men alluded to had words in a bar-room, but never came to blows.

E. P. B.—Call on or address a line to George McKay, corner 16th street and Eighth avenue.

LUCKY JACK.—Joe Nearon is considered one of the most accomplished amateur sparrers in this country.

JOHN K., Cincinnati.—Neither one; the stakes must be drawn.

L. D., Covington.—1. Coburn and McCoole fought 67 rounds.

TRIP, Taunton.—Items acceptable at all times.

F. J.—George is at present playing in London.

LARRY.—Respectfully declined.

D. L. B.—Jack takes the deal.

OLLAPOD.—Items acceptable.

THE REVIVAL OF THE TURF.

In the present issue of the CLIPPER our readers will find authentic reports of all the great races occupying the attention of the sporting fraternity in other hemispheres, in this wise giving a bird's eye view of the great events of the turf occurring in England, France and America. In this single sheet we have presented to the American public the result of the Derby, of the Oaks, of the races at Ascot Heath, of the grand Prix de Paris and of those over the course of the American Jockey Club, at Jerome Park, which last we have accompanied by an illustration from original drawings made by our artists and especially engraved to our order, a work of art which we are led to believe will, upon comparison, be found to surpass in merit productions of a similar character emanating from the foremost of the transatlantic or United States journals.

We have no desire of being considered egotistical in thus calling attention to our own endeavors to do justice to a series of events occurring in different parts of the world, and to one particularly in our immediate vicinity, which, to our humble mind, prognosticates the permanent revival of a branch of field sports dormant through force of circumstances readily to be explained as regards the Turf of our own country.

Heretofore regarding the races at Jerome Park as a mere experiment, we now consider their recurrence during this season as proof positive of a settled determination on the part of eminent and reliable turfmen to revive upon honorable and legitimate principles a pastime tending to an ennobling end, which fell into disrepute in a great measure through lack of confidence in the public mind as regards the intentions of the parties the most interested in the perpetuation of racing as a test of breeding, and for no other purposes whatever.

Let us premise by saying that from the earliest founding of horse racing in its legitimate and accepted form, when the royal monarch of England offered the silver bell, to the time when disinterested citizens of various localities subscribed liberal purses as stakes to be offered a winning horse, these premiums were ever considered secondary to the value of the object for which such stakes were to be contested. In other words, according to our idea of turfmanship, the object of horse racing cannot be considered the winning of purses and prizes by certain horses whose powers have been partially recognized, but must be regarded as an inducement for the production of animals to us unknown, who may, upon trial, be found superior in speed to anterior competitors. To be still more explicit let us say that the sole and only object of legitimate racing, encouraged by prize giving, must be the amelioration of the condition of the horse, and his perfection in racing, so that from this point we can descend to his development as a merely utilitarian animal. It is a well admitted axiom in the sporting world that "blood will tell," and the institution of racing has for its cardinal aim the ascertaining of the fact as to the quality of blood telling the best and the stock possessing that quality. For what other reasons do we conserve, with the accuracy of a heraldic college, the pedigrees of winners, their performances, and the other details of the Stud Book as a manual for breeders and buyers?

It cannot be denied that both in England and in this country, gentlemen—presumptuously so, at least—have lost sight of the cardinal aim governing racing through regarding the stakes run for as being the ultimate object of a racing contest. Indeed, in many instances, outside investments and private bets, far exceeding in value the purse in contest, have interfered to impede an honest competition for the prize publicly offered to such a degree that the existence of this private betting system has proven in England, upon many occasions, the source of infamies which, had they not been summarily punished, would have driven the more reputable of turfmen from off the field. In America, where the stringent rules of the English Jockey Club, framed from time to time to meet emergencies suggested by successive cases of fraud, never fully prevailed, a system of jockeying and double dealing, especially as regarded time matches, became so prevalent as to shake public confidence in the rectitude of our racing system. It was then that the turf changed its character, and betting upon horseflesh became a trade, the interest in which predominated over fair, open and legitimate competition. To this cause and to this alone can be attributed the retirement of many eminent breeders in the northern portion of our country, whose stock had previously been an honor to the calendar.

From the earliest days of our national history, racing has been a popular pastime with our people of the Southern and Middle States, and as we grew in wealth and importance no pains were spared to improve our racing stud. Many of the winners of the English Derby and other horses of established reputation were purchased at fabulous prices, and imported at immense risks, in order to show upon our stock the benefit of an unadulterated blood. In many instances, where private individuals were not rich enough to advance, personally, the high sums placed upon British cracks, communities contributed to a common fund, to secure which, they knew, as intelligent beings should know, could not fail to prove a public benefit. The get of Monarch, of Leviathan, of Trustee, of Glencoe, of Sarpedon, and other imported stallions, have shown, through their racing performances, the wisdom and value of this judicious, yet expensive course of conduct on the part of American turfmen, who, years ago, have arrived through individual enterprise to a point of perfection as to blood which has defied the energy of the French breeders, although backed by liberal subsidies and the direct countenance of the government for half a century back.

It is but a few years ago that Long Island and other localities of this State, Monmouth County and other parts of New Jersey were thickly studded with training stables. It was then that Charles Henry Hall, the Brothers Stevens, Commodore Stockton, Gibbons and other men of note patronized the turf, not for the sake of gain and mercenary profit, but as a noble diversion, whose benefits flowed, unperceptibly, it is true, yet surely upon the community at large. But when the stake became, as it did by slow degrees, the sole object of contention, and the horse, in the hands of speculative parties, grew into a gambling machine, these patrons of the turf, as gentlemen breeders, retired, and racing became, as it were, a thing of the past. The contests between Fashion and Peytona, and particularly the defeat of the former at Camden, may be said to have terminated, at the North, all general interest in racing as a diversion. And since that time the turf in this locality has lain in abeyance until the creation of the American Jockey Club.

While believing in the possibility of a thorough revival of racing and of its permanent establishment, much depends upon the course to be pursued to accomplish so desirable an aim. The new Jockey Club have the experience of its predecessors before them; they know the dangers and temptations ever surrounding racing; they comprehend the peculiarities of the American character, and, above all things, they are aware of the unscrupulous knavery of the mercenaries and adventurers gathering around a race course as cormorants at a feast. If, posted as to the manifold frauds and deceptions which avarice and dishonor have engrafted upon a system in its inception ennobling and beneficial, the American Jockey Club firmly and persistently contemn and despise, and when within its power degrade and punish, individuals in the least tainted with proneness to indulge in those practices which have heretofore brought the Turf into disrepute, we have full confidence in its ability to revive and sustain a pastime and its consequent benefits which have for centuries received the homage of emperors and of kings. To it, as the constituted head of the Turf in this locality, we and the public at large look for the proper administration of a matter touching us all, and let us hope that the magnitude of the trust has been well weighed.

HAS "A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" struck anybody as being a flash attraction at the Broadway Theatre?

OUR WEATHER ARTICLE.

SINCE our last we have had a good deal of weather—of various sorts of weather, weather decidedly un-June like. June! oh! why it has been as cold as June, which is a thing, perhaps, that *you* know. As to when, if ever, we are to have settled weather, and whether the weather, when once settled, will give us a chance to weather the dull season that usually accompanies the dog days' weather, are questions we leave to the calculations of the weather-wise Thatcher. Is there to be no end to the reign of rain? "Our Jim" is grumbling at the chances he lost last week of going to the races, all owing to the rain, which none of the jockeys were able to rein in. He wants to know why Theodorus, late of Abyssinia, is like a clear day? We tell him, it's because his son shines; but he insists that it's because his reign is over. Well, it's an ill wind that blows no good, and wet weather must please *somebody* Although it prevents the mixed races from attending the races, it *ought* to please the racers, because it raises pools on the course, but they don't accept such poo's as a matter of course, and their language is rather coarse when referring to bad weather. The pugs should like it, for it gives many a heavy blow, but they say they be blowed if they care for such windy blows, as it is apt to put them in an ugly box. The oarsmen ought to be pleased with it, not on account of their being watermen, but because it awakens hopes of eventually giving o'er; but they don't seem to get the drift of it through their sculls, and say it has had too long a pull already. Base ballers *may* like it, in so far as it keeps them from going out. Ah! but the chaps who are unmistakably jubilant over a rainy day, and grow enthusiastic over a prolonged storm are the watering cart men. *They* enjoy a reign of pleasure when it rains Should these periodical storms and spasmodical deluges continue to visit us, those who are now at the sea-side will secede and proceed home, for of late New York has proved to be as great a watering place as any of them. "Our Jim," who went to a concert the other night and got caught in the storm, wants to know if these windy evenings can be called night in gales? [*Prediction*:—It will rain within the next twenty-hours, commencing at 3 o'clock this afternoon, or thereafter within 17½ days.]

A COMMENDABLE MOVE.—Until recently the subject of athletic exercise has attracted but little general attention in France, but now we are pleased to perceive that its importance is fully recognized, and measures have been adopted for the purpose of ensuring proper attention to this branch of education in the public institutions of learning. The adoption of a system of gymnastics in all the lyceums and public schools has been recommended by the Minister of Public Instruction, and the necessary apparatus has already been provided for many of the provincial establishments at the expense of the public. Physical culture is as necessary, than mental improvement, and it is to be hoped that the appliances requisite for its prosecution will ere long be introduced in the public schools throughout the States, and be universally regarded as a branch of education equally important as those now taught to the youth of the land.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER has been honorably employed in liquidating all claims against him of late, and more too, and his current-cy has been very abundant—so much so that if he keeps on we may very likely have a boat or yacht race on Broadway on the glorious Fourth. If so, Noah's arks will be in demand. The above may be a van e-derbilt remark, but it is a fact that that elevated indicator of the state of the non-fine-ancial condition of the times brings down the rains of the powers above us in a most dolorous manner, and his specie-fications make strong dams necessary for the preservtion of mills and lead to the reduction of common sense. Whether the rooster will continue this check of business and sports all summer deponent saith not; but, if so, the stock of gold that glitters in the sun will simmer down, and the silvery stream will be in a mud-died state.

TIME!—Some of the sports that went to "the fight which didn't come off," and were relieved of their "tickers" by unknown friends, have discovered that "time flies." They should have a better watch guard. Those were what the soldiers would call pick-ed, watches, we suppose. A poor time-keeper should never attend a fight.

AN IRISH FRIEND of ours says there's too much talk, entirely, about a new means of communication between New York and Brooklyn, and he thinks it time to a-bridge it.

DON'T LIKE IT.—The people of Lawrenceburg seem to consider the support of McCoole and Coburn a Dear-borne expense.

Sporting Squibs.

— The butchers of Paris are so expert in killing cattle, that they are said to be able to kill twenty sheep in forty-eight seconds.

— A young machinist, in Detroit, has made a locomotive engine and tender complete, four feet long, and weighing but three hundred pounds. It can be run with 15lbs. of steam, though it will carry 30 lbs.

— Thirty farmers, of Green Lake, Wis., recently went on a gopher hunt, which lasted one week, during which time 2,221 gophers were slain, which shows that Green Farmers know how "to go" for gophers.

— Some negro boys of Tallahatchi, Miss., a week or two since, killed a large bear in the suburbs of that town.

— The yacht Widgeon, 105 tons burden, 80 feet in length, 20 feet beam, and 7 feet depth of hold, is up for sale.

— McCoole and Coburn continue their sportive recreations in the Indiana jail, while bets outside are 6 to 2 against their release before the expiration of their sentence.

— The reigning belle of Portland, we are told, drives the finest pair of horses in that city, and does the cooking for the family.

— The mill hands at Collignon's Mills, Closter, N. J., turned out to capture a shark, which made its appearance below the dam. The shark, when caught, turned out to be a sturgeon.

— A club has been formed in Berlin for the purpose of developing horse racing in Germany. A number of ladies have joined the club, probably because its name is Union.

— A sturgeon, six feet and a half in length, was caught in the Raritan river, at New Brunswick, N. J., a few days ago.

— A big jump has been made by old Father Winter, he having leaped clear over Miss Spring's head into Dame Summer's lap.

— Arthur Edwards, the famous English jockey, died at Newmarket on May 20th, of consumption, after a long and severe illness.

— A selfish codfish recently fell a victim to his own gluttony at Little Harbor, N. H. He got into a weir, where he was making sad havoc among the small fry, when the tide left him high and dry. He weighed 40 lbs., and a *post mortem* examination showed that he had just swallowed 33 fish.

— Clam bakes, chowder parties and rural recreations are now popular as a summer pastime.

— Many persons get so deeply immersed in the pools at our race tracks that they are unable to extricate themselves.

— The Philadelphia Rifle Club had a target practice on June 9th. The first prize, a handsome rifle, was won by Mr. Frederick Sangerdorf. The club numbers 400 members.

— Mr. Strange, proprietor of the Alhambra, London, was once a "pretty waiter boy" in an eating-house. He now drives one of the handsomest equipages in London. Fortune's freaks are ever strange.

— Every man that visits Gettysburg comes away with a cane, it is said. If they got their deserts they would each get a caning.

— The Central Railroad Company put a "lightning" train on their line on the 8th inst., which made the trip from Easton to New York in two hours and twenty-five minutes.

— The waters of the Vineyard Sound are alive with bluefish. Thousands are taken at a single haul of the net. The residents thereaway evidently get the blues.

— Deputations from the Neideschlesische Sangerbund of Hamburg, Cologne Sangerbund, Manugesang Concordia of Kirchen, Markesche Sangerbund of Berlin and Liedertafel of Dresden, Germany, arrived in this city last week for the purpose of attending the German Sangerfest, to be held in Chicago on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst.

— The managers of the Buffalo Driving Fair offer $2,000, free to all horses, to go against Dexter's best time, and Gold Dust is expected to enter for this, as well as to trot a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds.

— Five yachts of the New York Club are for sale.

— Gen. Butler and the Goldsmith Maid are advertised to trot for $1,000 at the grounds of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, Waverly, N. J., on July 1st.

— The managers of the Westchester Agricultural and Horticultural Society have purchased forty acres of land, which they intend to add to their Fair Grounds near White Plains, N. Y. This will permit them to enlarge the course to a mile track.

— Derby lotteries are annually organized in most of the London Turf Clubs, the tickets for which range from £5 to £10 each. At the Paris Jockey Club each ticket for the Derby costs £40, and the first prizes this year amounted to £3,200.

— It is stated that Fordham, the renowned jockey, wrested the prize from Patrician while riding Fervacques last year by elevating the head of his horse and so winning "by a nose." His earnings are estimated at £4,000 a year.

— The New York Skating Association opened their new rooms in Plimpton's buildings, Stuyvesant street, last week, when a number of fancy skaters took part in the exercises on rollers.

— At the race meeting at Longuiel, Canada, recently, Chang won the handicap hurdle race for officers; Starlight the open hurdle race; Reporter the open flat race; and Maid of the Mill the open scurry.

— The challenge issued by the Montgomery Guard, of Boston, Mass., to drill in the manual and company movements for the championship, has been accepted by the Sarsfield Guard, of New Haven, Conn.

— A twenty mile race is expected to take place on the Hudson, somewhere in the vicinity of Poughkeepsie, between six schooners, on July 4th.

— It is stated that the Marquis of Hastings, owner of Lady Elizabeth, first favorite for the Derby, bet heavily upon Blue Gown, who won the race; while Sir Joseph Hawley, owner of the latter horse, gains nothing, having declared to win with another of his horses.

— "Passagassawaukeag" is the new name of the Belfast (Me. Base Ball Club. There's a good deal in *that* name.

— Mr. Prudhomme takes his little son to see the great exhibition of horses. "My son, let this serve you as an example. They encourage horses, never asses." "Yes, papa, I will try to become a horse."—*Figaro*.

— A monster sea turtle was recently captured in Johnson's mill pond, Stratford, Conn.

— A convivial tub race took place at West Point, N. Y., on the 8th inst.

— A ladies' club are having an elegant house fitted up in Lexington avenue, N. Y. Clubs seem to be trumps.

— The preparations for pleasure and fishing parties on Niagara river were never so extensive and complete as during the present season, it is said.

— The trout fishing season is lively in Maine, Rangely Lakes having been laid wholesale siege to by Izaak Walton's converts.

— Mr. Isaac Gibbs, of Sumpter, Sauk county, Wisconsin, believes that the first fish taken from Devil's Lake by a white man was caught by himself.

— Tandem is the style adopted by youthful and fashionable Jehus.

— For stealing two imported game roosters, the property of Samuel Nichols, of Brooklyn, Thomas Wagner has been committed to answer.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—Owing to the sharp shooting so prevalent among Congressmen, an invitation has been extended to that body to attend the National American Sharpshooters' Festival at Jones' Wood, from June 27 to July 6. There will also be some interesting sharp shooting on July 4, at Tammany Hall.

MRS. JUNIPER, our landlady, who read in the CLIPPER that "Foul Play" was by Dion Boucicault, wants to know whether he's dyin' of his foul play or somethin' else.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—After the long antagonistic feeling between McCoole and Coburn, it is pleasing to know that they are now fast and inseparable friends.

FOUL!—Instead of the brace of fighting cocks they were looked to be, the unfortunate pugilistic champions are now a pair of caged Cold Spring chickens.

JUST SO.—Although McCoole and Coburn were never reputed particularly "fast," yet there can be no doubt that they are now two forty men.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—*Punch* asks:—"What is the female name answering to a man-damus?" The CLIPPER replies:—Womanlove us, mend our hose, etc.

IS THE COMING Presidential election to be a "walk over" the course for Grant, or a stern Chase for that military clinftan?

"OUR JIM" says Mr. Ben. Butler would never do for a dice-thrower, because he always casts a cocked'eye!

BEN. WOOD opposes Gen. Grant, probably because the latter is "no policy" dealer.

CALIFORNIA is raisin' the raisin in large quantities from the Malaga grape.

THE ORIGINAL CHEAP JOHNS—Our celestial visitors.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Jerome Park Spring Races.

FIRST DAY'S RACING—STONEWALL JACKSON WINS THE FORDHAM STAKES—GENERAL DUKE THE BELMONT STAKES—BONNY LASS THE HOPEFUL STAKES, AND GENERAL McMAHON THE MILE HEAT PURSE.

The spring meeting of the American Jockey Club commenced at Jerome Park on Wednesday, the 10th inst.; the heavy rains on the previous day having rendered a postponement absolutely necessary. The weather on Wednesday was delightfully fine and pleasant, the sun shining in unclouded brilliancy and combined with a gentle wind that swept up the valley, speedily dried up the track until the "going" was comparatively good. Thanks to the previous day's rain, the dust was effectually laid and the drive through the Central Park and along the newly constructed Jerome Park Avenue, was one of unalloyed pleasure and enjoyment. The attendance was larger than we have before witnessed on the opening day of the meeting, and the gay and variously colored toilettes of the ladies in the grand and members' stands, rendered the scene exquisitely beautiful. The bright, vivid green of the lawn, enclosures and foliage of the trees that crowned both sides of the valley, contrasted refreshingly with the dark color of the grand stand and the deep brown of the soil of the course. Upwards of six thousand persons were present, and the racing gave them unqualified satisfaction.

THE FORDHAM STAKES

was the first event on the card, and was a handicap sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, for all ages, with $500 added by the Jockey Club. The distance was a mile and a quarter; the second horse taking twenty-five per cent of the stakes, and the third saving his stake. Thirty-two horses originally entered for this race, and twenty-two of them accepted the weights imposed upon them by the handicapper; a fact which speaks highly for the impartiality and ability of that official. But of this number seven came to the post when the bugle sounded to saddle. These were Stonewall Jackson, 5 years, carrying 110lbs. and General McMahon, 5 years, 110lbs. from Captain Moore's Kentucky stable; Clement, (or as he is now renamed, in compliment to the City Comptroller, Richard B. Connolly, although the public refuse to adopt the nomenclature) from Col. McDaniel's stable, 4 years, carrying 105lbs; Mr. W. Constable's gr c Raquette, (formerly called Three) 4 years, 100lb; Mr. August Belmont's Maid of Honor, 4 years, 95lbs; Mr. J. W. Jerome's General Yorke, 4 years, 95lbs; and J. M. Dowling's Enchantress, 5 years, 102lbs. The Kentucky horse Stonewall Jackson and General McMahon possessed a decided advantage over the other horses, for they had been trained during the winter in the mild and genial climate of Mobile, months before Northern stables could get their horses into work owing to the protracted winter extending far into spring, and their vastly superior condition at once caused Captain Moore's entry to be installed in the premiership in the betting. Clement, in consequence of his clever victory at the Hoboken Meeting the previous week, his fine condition, and his proved merits as a racer had a strong party behind him, who backed him heavily. The gray colt Raquette had also an influential body of supporters, comprising some of the best judges on the turf, who rearoused from his clever victory over Stonewall Jackson and a large field over this same course last year, and the fast mile time he then made, (1:46¼) as well as his fine appearance; his trainer, George Waldron (for he is now in Mr. Jerome's stable) having got him into very fine condition. The chances of the Maid of Honor were held next in estimation, for since she was placed in the hands of that clever young trainer, Jacob Pincus, she had made wonderful improvement in appearance, having thickened and laid on muscle so considerably that he recognized in her the narrow weedy filly of last year. Enchantress, although she had won the Trenton Handicap and Jockey Club Handicap at the fall meeting last year, was friendless, as it was justly concluded she could not carry the weight, besides looking light and thin; and General Yorke was equally as little thought of. Charles Miller had the mount on Stonewall; Durham on the General; Gilpatrick on Raquette; William Henry on Clement; Sanders on Maid of Honor; Palmer on General Yorke, and Grafton on Enchantress. The betting at the start was even on Captain Moore's pair against the field; in the pools his entry sold for $360; Clement, $285; Raquette, $105; and the field $60. The horses were started from the three quarter pole at the head of the homestretch, and after one false start they got nicely off. They swept up the quarter stretch and passed the judges' stand in the following order:—General McMahon first, his stable companion Stonewall second, Raquette third, Clement next, Maid of Honor fifth, and the other two some lengths behind. The General, who was started to assist Stonewall Jackson, by making the running, did so at a rattling pace, and Miller, taking a pull at the gray, allowed Raquette to take second place; Clement following in Stonewall's wake, and the Maid next. On the lower end, approaching the three quarter pole, the pace that the General had carried Raquette told upon the latter, and he fell back, leaving Stonewall the immediate follower of his stable companion. Rounding the turn into the homestretch, Clement made his effort and passed Raquette, but could not reach the two leaders, and when fairly into the stretch Stonewall's rider let him out, and shooting to the front, he galloped home the easiest of winners by two lengths; the General beating Clement by the same distance; Raquette a length behind, Maid of Honor fifth, four lengths before Gen. Yorke, and Enchantress six lengths behind the latter. Time, 2:16¾.

JEROME PARK COURSE, JUNE 10.—The Fordham Stakes, a handicap sweepstakes of $50 each, p. p., for all ages, and $10 only if declared, $500 added by the club; one mile and a quarter; the second to receive twenty-five per cent of the stakes, the third to save his stake. Closed with thirty-two entries.

T. G. Moore entered g h Stonewall Jackson, by Lightning, dam Edith, by Sovereign, 5 yrs old, 110lb.....C. Miller 1
T. G. Moore entered b h General McMahon, by Lexington, dam Princess, by Yorkshire,

BASE BALL.

THE CLIPPER PRIZES.

The designs for the CLIPPER BASE BALL PRIZES are now in the hands of the artists, and in a week or two will be finished and on exhibition. We do not care to give an elaborate description of them at present; suffice it that in artistic design and beauty of finish they will be far superior to anything ever before offered for a similar purpose. The commencement of the Niagara Tournament last week, and the trip through the West of the celebrated Athletic and Atlantic Clubs, and the tour of the Lowells, of Boston, through the East, have given more prominence to our National game than it ever received before. When the Athletics and Atlantics return from their expeditions to the far West, and come in contact with the crack clubs of the East for the championship, the strife for the CLIPPER GOLD BALL and MEDALS will commence. From all appearances the fall campaign will be the most vigorous and hotly contested in the annals of the game. Who the winner of the championship will be we do not wish to prognosticate; but whether they come from the East, from the West, from the South, or from the crack clubs of our own vicinity, the CLIPPER, which recognizes in all alike honorable and manly exponents of our favorite pastime, will welcome them all the same, and will crown the conquering heroes with laurel wreaths.

THE WESTERN TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THEIR MATCHES.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Athletics left Cincinnati on Monday afternoon, 8th inst., in the mail boat and arrived at Louisville, Ky., early next morning. A committee of the Louisville Club came down about 6 A. M., provided with carriages and escorted the Philadelphians to one of the principal hotels, where a breakfast was served fit to set before a king or any other man. After breakfast the Louis-villains showed their guests whatever of interest there was to be seen in the city, and at the appointed hour conveyed them to the grounds selected for play. The afternoon was very pleasant and quite a number of the best people of Louisville were in attendance. The grounds are situated about the centre of a park known as Cedar Grove. The centre field is a little higher than the inner, but very beautiful—in fact, the *only* fielding that was done at all was performed on that slope by the centre and right field players. A pavilion has been erected for the accommodation of ladies, but they preferred the shade of the trees and scattered about the field.

The game was a disappointment; it was a one sided affair all through and needs no description. The Athletics won the toss and sent their opponents to the bat, who made three runs in the first innings by extreme good luck, but they failed to tally in the succeeding innings. The first crack of "Pop" Reach at the bat secured him a home run and the score counted five chalks when the Athletics returned to the field. They on this occasion did the best batting that they have done since they left home, while the Louisville players failed to distinguish themselves at the ash. Dick pitched swifter balls than he had in any previous game, and "let himself out generally" on this occasion. Heretofore his pitching has occasioned no surprise, and players who had batted against him in former years remarked that they found no difficulty in batting him on the present tramp, and that his balls had lost the "vim" that formerly characterized them. In Louisville, however, his delivery was wonderfully swift, occasioning general surprise, and McBride stock underwent a slight advance. The Louisville Club struggled hard to do something at the bat, but without avail. Robinson, at left field, played in that position beautifully and retired several players, while Tracy, behind the bat, made several nice captures. Wild throwing helped to bring about the result, but the Louisvillians were awed by the reputation of the Athletics. The club that had wiped the Nationals out, after their successful tour west last season, is of some account out this way, but the Louisville players were timid at the bat, and did not let themselves out to hit the balls as probably they would have done had they been p aying a less renowned club. After the game the Athletics were very handsomely entertained by the Louisville boys. The field was very orderly, and so far as impartiality was concerned, a model one, the applause for the Athletics at times being quite hearty. The Louisville players acted very gentlemanly, and were unremitting in their attentions to the individual wants of their visitors. We append the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	LOUISVILLE.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	1	9	1	Coleman, c f	4	1	0
McBride, p	3	5	1	Pope, 2d b	3	1	0
Radcliff, c	5	4	1	Powell, r f	3	1	0
Wilkins, s s	5	5	1	Symme, 1st b	4	1	0
Fisler, 1st b	1	8	1	Boondo, p	3	1	0
Berry, 3d b	4	5	1	Robinson, l f	4	1	0
Cuthbert, l f	1	7	1	Tracy, c	4	1	0
Sensenderfer, c f	3	5	1	Anderson, 2d b	4	1	0
Schafer, r f	5	4	1	Dickens, s s	3	1	0
Total	51		8	Total	36		3

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	3	8	3	0	1	8	12	2	13	—51
Louisville	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—3

Flys caught—Reach, 1; Fisler, 2; Berry, 2; Schafer, 1—total, 6. Coleman, 10; Powell, 1; Robinson, 5; Tracy, 1; Dickens, 1—total, 18. Missed catches—Louisville, 5. Foul balls caught—Athletic, 12; Louisville, 4. Out on bases—Athletic, 4; Louisville, 4. Run out—Schafer, 1. Book on bases—Athletic, 1; Louisville, 3. Passed balls—Athletic, 1; Louisville, 1. Struck out—Louisville, 4. Home runs—Radcliffe, 1; Reach, 1. Umpire—C. E. Hegan.

The Athletics, after the game in Louisville, Ky., took the cars for Indianapolis, Ind., at which city they arrived on Wednesday morning, 10th inst., at about three o'clock. The Active members were prompt to time, attending with a conveyance in which the nine and the scorers, after a few hours repose, were conveyed to the field on the Indiana State Fair Grounds. The attendance was large and three of the spectators walked from Greencastle to Indianapolis to witness the match, the distance being estimated at about forty-five miles. It was the most spiritless of any yet played on the tour. The boys yawned and gaped, and were praying for it to come to an end. No effort was made to run up a score, and had the Actives understood and played their points sharply they would have given the A.'s considerable trouble. As it was they made a good show at the bat, but in the field they misjudged a number of balls and refused other chances that were given them.

Game was called at twenty minutes of three o'clock, P. M., the Athletics winning the toss and sending the Actives to the bat. Radcliff appeared as pitcher with Schaffer playing behind the bat, McBride taking Wilkins' place at short field, and Isaac going to right. McVey, a safe batter, made his first on a hit to right, and got his second, third and home on passed balls. Yohn gave Schafer a chance on a foul that "Schafe" did not envy—at least did not take—he, however, was retired afterwards on a foul fly, taken by Radcliff. Brown and Dean, who followed, both popped up fly balls that Sensy and Wilkins laid claim to, the Actives retiring, as they say in Kentucky, "on a score of one." Al Reach got his first on a weak hit within the boundaries of the infield, went to his third on an overthrow, and stole home. McBride went out on strikes; not, however, before he had made a fruitless endeavor to secure his first, but the ball was there in advance of him. Radcliff got his first on a grounder to the field, stole to second and third, and got home on Fisler's bat. Wilkins hit right into Brown's hands at third, but Brown did not hold it and Wilkins got his base and home on a beautiful cut of Fisler's to left field. Berry's aspirations were dwarfed by his hitting to Thayer, who held the ball and fielded it well to first. Cuthbert gave Russell a chance, but he muffed it; on horrible throws got to third, stealing home. Sensy, like McBride, went out on strikes, very much to his own discomfiture and the surprise of his friends, the Athletics retiring for five runs.

The second innings opened badly for the Actives. Jones, who led, struck a fly that Berry captured; Spam made his second on a ball that went clean over Cuthy's head; Bussell, by a bit too short for Sensy to take, made his first, Spam going to third. Thayer hit one to left that was not within Cuthy's reach, and on which he got his first, Spam going home; Smithers, by a short hit to centre field, drew Bussell and Thayer home; McVey made his second upon a muff of Cuthbert's; Yohn hopped up a fly that Reach secured, and Brown got his first, Dean's low cut across third, made his second, sending McVey and Brown home; Dean was fielded out at third by a ball from Jones' bat, right into Fisler's hands. The Actives retired well pleased with their good fortune, the innings having yielded them six runs.

"How many did they make?" asked Al. Reach, preparatory to going to the bat. "Well, we must beat them," was what Al. replied when an answer was given his interrogatory. Schafer and Al. both scored, stealing their bases and being assisted by Smithers to do so; McBride was put out at the home plate; Radcliff was fielded out at first by Dean and Wilkins, taken on the fly by Yohn; a tally of two for the Athletics made the general result a tie.

At the commencement of the third innings, McBride began to pitch, Cuthbert going behind the bat and Radcliff to left field—the latter complaining of a very sore hand. The Actives only secured one run by the change; Jones making his first by Berry not handling the ball quickly to first, on a passed ball got to second, and taking advantage of the chances he stole home. His victims were Spam, who struck out; Bussell, who went out on a foul fly, and Thayer, fielded out at first by Fisler.

The Athletics rolled up a score of ten. There was some bad throwing and muffing by the Actives in this innings. Brown and Bussell both declined balls that were sent them, Jones took Berry and Schaffer on fine bounds, and Sensy was a victim of Dean's on the fly.

In the fourth innings the Actives again ran up a score of six, partly owing, though, to careless play, Berry dropping a ball, and Schaffer permitting a ball to pass him that, if he had moved quicker, he might have secured. But two bases were made on good square hits—those respectively by Brown and Dean. The victims were Dean, who was nabbed at second by a throw of Cuthbert from behind the bat; Jones, taken on a foul bound by Cuthy, and Thayer, stopped at first by a throw of McBride. The Athletics secured eleven runs, Radcliff and Schaffer being given their bases on called balls; Smithers dropped a fly and gave life to McBride; Wilkins cracked a fly to Thayer that he dropped, and Sensy sent one to Thayer that he took, but permitted the ball to bounce out of his hands into those of Yohn, who was after the same ball, and he, by a kind of miracle, held it. Sensy, Wilkins and McBride were the victims—Dick on a fine bound, Wilkins stopped at second, and Sensy as described.

In the fifth innings McVey alone of the Actives scored, Brown being left at second. The victims were—Smithers on a fly to Radcliff, and Yohn and Dean on fly balls to Schaffer. The Athletics rolled up seventeen runs, every player making two and save Wilkins. They gave the Actives abundant opportunity to have tripped them up, and have kept the number of runs down, but the Active boys did not see it. The victims in this innings were—Wilkins on a fly to Brown, and Sensy on a foul fly to Dean, and Berry as described above. The Actives scored five in the sixth innings, and the Athletics made a tally of three. In the seventh the Actives received their first whitewash, and ditto the Athletics. The two last innings yielded the Actives one run and the Athletics five, the game closing for a score of 51 for the Athletics to 21 for their opponents. Appended is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	ACTIVE.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	1	9	1	McVey, p	0	5	1
McBride, s s	4	6	1	Yohn, l f	1	4	1
Radcliff, c	2	8	1	Brown, 3d b	0	6	2
Wilkins, r f	5	5	1	Dean, 2d b	0	6	0
Fisler, 1st b	1	6	1	Jones, c	3	2	2
Berry, 3d b	5	4	1	Spam, 1st b	3	2	2
Cuthbert, l f	1	7	1	Bussell, l f	1	3	1
Sensenderfer, s f	5	3	1	Thayer, s s	3	3	1
Schafer, c	3	6	1	Smithers, r f	2	3	0
Total	53		11	Total			21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	5	2	10	12	17	5	0	3	2	—53
Active	1	0	1	0	1	5	0	1	0	—21

Flies caught—Reach, 3; Radcliffe, 3; Wilkins, 1; Fisler, 1; Berry, 1; Sensenderfer, 2; Shafer, 2—13; Yohn, 2; Brown, 2; Dean, 2—6. Missed catch—Berry, 1; Cuthbert, 1—2; Brown, 2; Bussell, 2; Thayer, 2; Smithers, 1—7. Foul balls caught—Athletic, 2; Active, 4. Out on bases—Athletic, 12; Active, 9. Struck out—Athletic, 2; Active, 1. Passed balls—Athletic, 7; Active, 6. Umpire—M. McDonald, Weston B. B. C. Time of game—Three hours.

The Athletics took their departure for the Mound City on the night of the 10th inst., arriving in St. Louis on the following day, and on the afternoon of the 12th met the Union Club, of that city, and defeated them by a score of 54 to 12. On the 13th they encountered the Empires, of same place, and achieved another victory, as follows:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	4	8	6	Worth, 1st b	5	9	0
McBride, p	3	5	1	Frain, 2d b	4	9	0
Radcliff, c	3	7	1	Roberts, l f	1	3	0
Wilkins, s s	1	5	1	Baron, s s	1	7	0
Kahmar, r f	3	7	1	Connell, 2d b	3	5	1
Berry, 2d b	2	5	1	Shockey, c	3	1	1
Cuthbert, l f	4	4	1	Murray, r f	3	0	0
Sensenderfer, c f	2	6	1	Fitzgibbons, p	4	0	0
Schafer, 1st b	3	7	1	Johnson, c f	3	3	1
Total	54		13	Total		5	3

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	2	1	0	2	0	1	2	0	5	—13
Empire	1	0	2	1	0	2	0	0	0	—6

Umpire—Mr. Oliver, of the Excelsior

THE ATLANTICS, of Chicago, play the Cincinnati Club, of Porkopolis, on the latter's grounds on July 4th. On the same day the Great Westerns, of Cincinnati, play the Xenia Club, in Xenia, O. The Atlantics, of Brooklyn, and the Buckeyes, of that western burg, have a tilt on the glorious Fourth likewise.

THE ATLANTICS' TOUR THROUGH THE WEST.

THEIR GAME IN SYRACUSE.

The Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, which started upon a tour through the principal cities of the west, *viâ* Albany, on the 11th inst., were to have made their first "stand," as our sawdust professor would term it, against the National Club, of the latter place, on the afternoon of the 12th inst., but in consequence of the terrific storm of rain which swept over that section on that date the game was postponed until the latter part of July, and after partaking of the hospitality of the Albanians the ex-champions left by rail for Syracuse on the evening of Friday, arriving there early on the 13th, and taking up their quarters at the Globe Hotel. In the afternoon they played their opening match with the Central City Club, upon the grounds of the latter, which have been newly laid out, are spacious, well fenced and level. The gathering to see it was very large, crowds coming in from the surrounding villages, and by the time fixed upon for the commencement of play, 2 o'clock, an immense mass of perspiring humanity had passed through the gates. The game was called at seven minutes past two o'clock, the Atlantics going to the bat.

First Innings.—Pearce was put out on a foul ball caught on the fly. Smith out on foul, caught on bound. Start struck to the left field and made his second base. He crept home on an overthrow by Sandford and Chapman went out on foul fly caught by Sandford. Side out with one run. The Central City boys then took the bat and Crittenden was caught out on a fly by Mills; Porter on a fly by Smith. Boswell struck a ball to the right field and ran to first base and made second by a mis-catch on the part of Mills. Sandford struck to centre field, Boswell came home and Sandford was put out on second base. Side out, one run.

Second Innings.—Atlantic—Crane out on fly by Dodge; Mills out on fly by Dodge; Ferguson struck to left field and made second base, stealing to third; Pratt out on foul fly by Sandford. Side out, whitewashed. Central City—Telford struck to left field and made third base; Adams out on fly by Ferguson; Noakes to left field, made first base and brought Telford home; Noakes out on second base while trying to steal it. Johnson out by foul fly by Mills. Side out with one run.

Third Innings.—Atlantic—Zettlein made first base on ball to centre field; Pearce struck to right field and Zettlein made his third, while Pearce made first; Start, to right field, made second base; Chapman to left field, first base; Start to third; Chapman to second; Crane struck to centre field and made first base; Mills batted to left field, Start and Chapman home; Ferguson out on foul by Sandford; Crane was put out on second base; Pratt batted to right field and brought Mills home, coming home himself on Zettlein's bat to centre field; Zettlein made his second base on mis-catch by Sandford and his third on a passed ball; Pearce striking to centre field, brought Zettlein home; Pearce made his third on passed ball; Smith, to left field, made second base and brought Pearce home; Start out on foul fly. Side out, nine runs. Central City—Dodge out at first base; Crittenden, to right field, made first base; Porter out on fly by Ferguson and Crittenden put out on first base. In this innings the Syracuse boys played very badly. Side out, with a big O.

Fourth Innings.—Atlantic—Chapman out on foul fly by Porter—nice catch. Crane, to right field, made first base; Mills, to left field, first base, carrying Crane to third; Ferguson, to left field, made second base—Crane and Mills home. Ferguson made third base and came home by an overthrow. Pratt, to left field, made first base and reached third by Zettlein's bat, which carried him (Z.) to first. Pearce out on first base, Pratt home, Zettlein to second; Smith out on first. Side out. Four runs. Central City—Porter out on fly by Pratt. Boswell out by grounder to short stop. Sanford out on fly by Crane—the best fly catch of the match. Side out. 0 runs.

Fifth Innings.—Atlantic—Start, home run, to centre field. Chapman out on foul bound taken by Crittenden; Crane struck to centre field—ball missed by Telford, and Crane made second base. Crane home on Mills to left field, who made first; he made second on passed balls. Ferguson went to second base on left fielder. Mills home. Ferguson made second; Pratt out on fly by Dodge, Zettlein to centre field, made first base and brought Ferguson home. Pearce struck to left field, made first base; Zettlein to second, Smith out on foul bound by Sandford. Side out. Four runs. Central City—Telford made first base on right field. Adams struck to right field, making first base on right field; Telford made home on passed ball, Adams going to third, Noakes out on fly by Chapman; Johnson, to left field, made first; Adams home. Dodge out on foul fly by Mills, Crittenden out on fly by Crane. Side out. Two runs.

Sixth Innings.—Atlantic—Start struck to right field, stopped by Adams and put out at first base. Chapman out on fly by Johnson. Crane struck to right field, making first base. Crane out on second base on ball struck by Mills and stopped by Adams. Side out and "skunked." Central City—Porter out on first; ball stopped by first baseman. Boswell, to centre field, made first base; made third base on passed ball. Sandford struck centre field, making first base, Boswell making home. Telford struck to left field, making first base, Sandford going to second. Adams struck to centre field, making second base, Telford and Sandford home. Noakes put in a sky scraper to right field, bringing himself and Adams home—home run for Noakes. Johnson out on fly by Start. Dodge out on foul by Mills. Side out with five runs.

Seventh Innings.—Atlantic—Mills out on fly by Adams. Ferguson struck out on foul fly taken by Sandford, Pratt struck to right field, making second base. Zettlein out on fly to right field, taken by Porter. Side out—a "goose egg." Central City—Crittenden struck to right field, making second base. Porter struck to centre field, making first base, both made home by over throw by Mills. Boswell struck to right field, put out at first base by a well fielded ball from Ferguson. Sandford struck grounder to right field, making first base. Telford struck to right field and was put out, attempting to make third base, Sandford making home. Adams struck to centre field and made first base. Noakes struck a right fielder and was put out at first base, carrying the side out with three runs.

Eighth Innings.—Atlantic—Pearce out on first base by a ball fielded by Dodge to Noakes. Smith struck out on foul bound taken by Sandford. Start struck out on fly to centre field, taken by Johnson; taking the side out with nary a run. Third "skunk" for Atlantic. At this stage of the game the Atlantics changed their pitcher, Pratt taking Zettlein's place. Central City—Johnson failing to get the hang of Pratt's balls went out on three strikes. Dodge struck to left field, making first base. Crittenden out on foul fly taken by Ferguson. Dodge stole second base beautifully. Porter struck to centre field, making first base on muff by Pearce. Dodge stole third and Porter second base; Dodge and Porter both made home on passed balls. Boswell out on fly taken by Ferguson. Side out; two runs.

Ninth Innings.—Atlantic—Chapman struck to right field, making third base, and came home on passed ball. Crane struck to right field, making first base. Mills to centre field and out at second base, Crane getting home. Ferguson struck out on fly to centre field, taken by Boswell. Pratt struck out on foul bound taken by Sandford. Side out; two runs. Central City—Sandford out by foul ball taken by Ferguson. Telford struck out by foul taken by third baseman—the Syracusans say—in his cap. Adams struck to right field and went to first base. Noakes struck to centre field, stopped by Smith, who put Adams out, ending the game with a goose egg for the C. C.'s.

THE NIAGARA TOURNAMENT.—The tourney commenced on Tuesday last. The first game was between the Frontiers, of Black Rock, and the St. Catherine's Club, the former winning by 49 to 23. On Wednesday two games were pulled off. The Black Rock Club defeated the Perews, of Buffalo, by 28 to 20. In the second game the Black Rock Boys were again victorious, this time over the Stars, of Hamilton, by a score of 25 to 13. On Thursday the Perews, of Buffalo, beat the Stars, of Hamilton, by 30 to 19, and won the second prize for junior clubs. In the afternoon the Frontiers, of Black Rock, beat the Monitors, of Lockport, the score standing 26 to 11. The Frontiers also beat the Eagles, of Tonawanda, 18 to 10. This closed the junior contest, the Frontiers, having beaten all their opponents, winning the first prize. On Friday, the Clifton Club, of Buffalo, played the Champion, of Suspension Bridge, and the Niagara Club, of Lockport, winning both games—the former by a score of 53 to 41; the latter by 21 to 14.

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.—A match at single wicket was played on the 9th inst., on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati, O., between Winslow and Crooks, of the Union Club, Johnny Hatfield acting as fielder for the boys. Crooks won the toss and sent Winslow to the bat. The latter was so unlucky as to land his first ball in Hatfield's clutches, and retired with a blank score. Crooks then went in and scored two by a good drive, and then was clean bowled. In the second innings Winslow placed seven to his credit before retiring, with Crooks six to win. The unfortunate youth was again bowled out, however, without adding to his tally sheet. The bowling was well on the wicket on both sides, which will account for the small score. They are both good cricketers, but Crooks is a little rusty for want of practice. A return game will be soon played. The Union Club considers itself strong enough to give any club in the county a little work to win a game. They have added Hatfield, Brainard and Winslow to their last year's eleven. Can't they be accommodated by some of our clubs hereabout?

DISC CASTING FOR A CENTURY.—On Monday, 8th inst., Jake Ludlow, of Union Hill, N. J., and Thos. Walker, of Hoboken, tested their relative skill on the Hudson County Club Grounds, in a game of 61 points up, 18 yards distance, for $50 a side. The play upon both sides was admirable, the scores standing even nine times during the game, and Walker ultimately winning by one point only.

WRESTLING MATCH—UHLE PRICKETT KILLED.—A wrestling match took place at Captain Kline's Hotel, Debbysville, O., on the 12th inst., between Tim Waller, of Butler County, O., and Uhle Prickett, of New Jersey, for $100, best two in three. Waller, who had choice of holds, threw his opponent twice successively, and won the money. A telegram states that Prickett was killed the following night by some person or persons, who asserted that he had sold the match. We give the statement for what it is worth, awaiting further developments.

AQUATIC.

THE HAMILL AND COULTER RACE

ON THE

SCHUYLKILL COURSE, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18.

LATEST FROM THE MEN.

On Thursday next, 18th inst., the great five mile sculling match for the Championship of American waters and two thousand dollars, between James Hamill and Henry Coulter, will, barring accident, be decided upon the calm waters of the Schuylkill river, at the Quaker City, and the event will, from all indications, be witnessed by one of the largest if not the most extensive assemblage ever gathered together to view any sporting event which has ever taken place in this country, and the scenes upon the banks of the Schuylkill will remind the looker-on of the eventful days when Hamill and Josh Ward pulled their memorable inaugural races. Both men are now located within a convenient distance of the course, Coulter having arrived in Philadelphia, accompanied by his trainers, Speer and Jackson, and a few friends, on the morning of the 10th inst., and taken up his quarters, we believe, at the boat house of the Pennsylvania Barge Club, near Fairmount Park. He took with him his boat, built of paper by Waters & Co., of Troy, thirty-two feet long and thirteen inches wide. At the period of commencing training—as soon as he concluded negotiations with the champion—he weighed, it is stated, two hundred and twelve pounds, which he had reduced to one hundred and fifty nine when he took the train from Pittsburgh on Tuesday last—affording conclusive evidence that his course of preparation has been very severe and proving that his whole soul is in the affair. Since his arrival in the Quaker City he has taken regular exercise over the course, and by this time has doubtless become familiar therewith, so that neither man will possess any advantage over the other in this regard. Hamill is very pleasantly situated at the Belmont Cottage, on the West Philadelphia side of the Columbia Bridge, a most beautiful location, where he continues his training under the care of Johnny Newell, Alex. Murray, his firm friend and backer, Bobby Elliott, (who has nearly recovered the use of his leg, broken last fall,) Cel Scott, the "jolly canal boatman," and several others from the city of mills, are with him. Jim is in splendid fix, having weighed 152lbs on the 9th inst., and speaks in the most confident terms of the issue of the race, and his friends, when interrogated upon the subject, show their implicit faith by exclaiming, "Hush-oh, don't say a word; it's all right." His boat, a cedar shell, which was to have been forwarded by McKay last month, did not connect until last week, which don't speak well for the promptitude of the builder, who must attend more closely to business and fulfill his promises if he desires to retain the trade he has secured by attention in the past. With both men in such excellent condition, and both desiring nothing but a fair and honorable contest, the public may expect to witness a race which will amply repay all who take the trouble to proceed to the course, and which will afford a striking and most agreeable contrast to the two last championship *fiascos* at Pittsburgh and Newburgh. The banks of the river afford admirable facilities for viewing the race, and for the accommodation of those who desire to hold a position nearer to the principals, several parties have chartered small steamers for the day to convey spectators to the course and follow the contestants. John C. Ferry, *alias* "Oyster Jack," one of Hamill's most enthusiastic friends, has secured the Silver Star, which will leave the foot of the Dam, Schuylkill; tickets one dollar. Johnny Lazarus will also be "Commodore" of a steamer which is advertised to leave the Chestnut street wharf. At present, Hamill appears to be the most favored in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, though in this vicinity, where little speculation is indulged in, Coulter is slightly the favorite, although the friends of Hamill are the most numerous. The CLIPPER will have a representative upon the course and our readers may expect a full and impartial report. All the money is now up.

THREE MILE BOAT RACE.

BETWEEN THE

ATALANTA AND COLUMBIA SIX-OARED CREWS.

The Atalanta Triumphant.

With the commencement of pleasant weather, which we have so long devoutly, but until now vainly, wished for, the spirits of our oarsmen, which in common with those of the devotees of other out-door sports and pastimes, had, in consequence, sunk to an ebb-tide, become rather despondent, have again attained their former buoyancy and if Jupiter Pluvius will but maintain a respectful distance for a while, the present month will witness an earnest inauguration of the aquatic season in this vicinity as elsewhere. The initial event of importance on the Hudson was a six-oared gig race between those celebrated amateur clubs, Atalanta and Columbia, members of the Hudson A. R. Association, which took place on Saturday afternoon, 13th inst., off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. The race originated in a challenge emanating from the Columbias, and the distance rowed was three miles, one mile and a half up stream to a stake boat and return. The day was beautiful, the sun shining brilliantly from an expanse of blue scarcely relieved by the faintest semblance of a cloud, while a gentle breeze sufficient to agreeably temper the warmth of his rays and yet not strong enough to disturb the placid bosom of the river swept up from ocean-ward—in fact nothing was left to be wished for by those who attended. The steamers William Tittimer and Silver had been chartered for the accommodation of Atalantas, respectively, for the accommodation of their friends, and in addition to the crowd upon each of these—that of the former being heavily freighted with "wingless angels," while the cargo of the Deer was not composed of "dears" at all, but mainly of masculine humans—large numbers of ladies and gentlemen watched the contest from the Jersey shore, and the stream in the vicinity of the starting point was covered with diminutive craft, darting hither and thither in inextricable confusion. Chas. Verin, Ex-Commodore of the Philadelphia Navy, Philadelphia, was selected as referee, and the following named gentlemen officiated in the capacity of judges:—For the Columbia, Messrs. Fortmeyer, of the Waverley, and Wallace, of the Hudson Club; for the Atalants, Messrs. A. Truax, of the Mutual, and J. A. Wilson, of the Atalanta. A few minutes before five o'clock, P. M., the boats drew into line, opposite the judge's boat, as follows:—

No. 1. *Atalanta.*—W. H. Webster (stroke); J. Ogden, Ed. Smith, L. Waterbury, W. Haddock, A. L. Knapp (bow); George Roahr, coxswain. Length of boat, 45 feet 6 inches. Colors, magenta. This is the second crew of the club.

No. 2. *Columbia.*—J. A. Stevens (stroke), C. O'Neil, P. McIntosh, W. F. Sielken, G. M. Young, R. L. Warring, (bow); J. F. Burrell, coxswain. Length of boat 45 feet. Colors, blue. The word was quickly given to a splendid start, the spray dashing in silvery showers from the gleaming blades as the rival crews, encouraged by the shouts of their friends, strove with might and main to secure the vantage, causing their frail barks to fairly leap from the water by the force of propulsion. The Columbia boys, however, lacked the nerve and experience of their antagonists, although they deserve great credit for their strenuous efforts they made to obtain the object of their ambition, the steady, regular, powerful strokes of the Atalanta six proved too much for them, and at the end of about three hundred and fifty yards, unable to keep up the speed at which they had been going, they slacked up and the Atalanta went ahead, widening the distance at every sweep until they rounded the upper stake about ten lengths ahead, in 10:24. The Columbia turned rather clumsily, and thereby lost at least a length more. The race was now devoid of all interest, and the A.'s having the race in hand, took matters coolly, until within a short distance of the home boat, when they "hit her up" with a will and dashed across the imaginary line winners in 22 minutes 45 seconds, the Columbias following in about twenty seconds later. At a meeting held at the Club house of the victors after the race, David Banks, Jr., President of the Atalantas and Commodore of the H. A. R. A., presented the Club, on behalf of Judge Daly, with a massive and elegant silver belt.

HARVARD REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER.

THE FRESHMEN CARRY OFF THE BEACON CUP.

THE SECOND RACE WON BY THE JUNIOR THIRD.

The annual regatta of the Harvard Boat Club eventuated over the Charles river course, Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of the 13th inst., the assemblage of spectators to view the two races announced being very large and embracing a considerable deputation of the fair daughters of modern Athens and vicinity, who watched the contests from the windows of the houses along the course, the sea wall and the vessels of various kinds dotting the surface of the river. The day was propitious overhead, but the rather fresh breeze rendered the water too lumpy to be agreeable to the oarsmen. Judges, W. W. Richards and G. W. Holdredge, at the starting point, and A. P. Loring at the turning stake. William Blaikie, as usual, acted as referee and starter. Shortly after six o'clock the boats entered for the first race—a three miler for class crews; first prize, beacon cup and silver goblets; second, six silver goblets—ranged in line in the following order:—

Junior Class Crew.—H. Richards (stroke), J. L. Sillsbee, H. W. Putnam, W. S. Whitwell, R. M. Lawrence, H. M. Howe (bow). Uniform, cherry handkerchiefs.

Sophomore Class Crew.—T. Parsons (stroke), S. V. R. Thayer, F. Kidder, E. M. Low, B. Adams, G. Willis (bow). Uniform, white handkerchiefs trimmed with magenta.

Freshman Class Crew.—O. Lyman (stroke), G. I. Jones, S. W. Rice, G. Base, W. B. Manwaring, N. G. Read (bow). Uniform, scarlet handkerchiefs.

Scientific and Law Schools Crew.—J. Hawthorne (stroke)? R. H. Jerome, H. B. Sargent, J. J. McCook, W. Rowland, E. W. Bayley (bow). Uniform, white handkerchiefs trimmed with pink.

At the first sweep the stroke of the Juniors snapped his oar, which necessitated a return and replacement. This done, "Go" was again given, and the contending craft were away, keeping closely together for the space of a quarter of a mile, when the Freshmen commenced slowly but surely to forge ahead, and at the end of a half mile they were leading the Sophomores and Scientifics two clear lengths, the latter closely lapped a couple of lengths in advance of the Juniors, who, however, kept pluckily at their work. The Freshmen made such a wide turn at the lower stake, that they came nigh losing the lead temporarily, the Scientifics second, Sophs third, close up, and Juniors last. The Freshmen buckled to their work, however, and more than made up for the ground—or rather water—they had lost, and finally won in 20:39½; Scientific, 21:15; Sophomore, 21:52; Junior, 21:58½. The second event was a two mile race for a first prize of six silver goblets, and a second prize of six silver cups. The crews were as follow:—

Junior Crew.—H. G. Atwater (stroke), W. M. Sargent, J. D. Brannan, F. Low, F. Palmer, H. Brett (bow). Uniform, white handkerchiefs and cherry-trimmed shirts. Lapstreak.

Junior Third Crew.—F. Rae (stroke), G. G. Willard, C. L. Hayward, J. Lowe, E. Read, W. S. Hall (bow). Uniform—none but bare heads. Shell.

Sophomore Second Crew.—J. W. Sanger (stroke), G. Adams, Louis Curtis, A. L. Huntington, A. A. Lawrence, H. G. Lunt (bow). Uniform, white skull caps. Shell.

An admirable start was obtained at the first call, the boats remaining almost bow and bow for several hundred yards, when the Junior Third drew rapidly away from their competitors, and ere they had completed a third of a mile they crossed and took the inside position. This lead they held without extra effort throughout and won in 16:03, the Sophs following in 16:17 and the Junior Second, third, in 17:43. Mr. Blaikie presented the prizes to the victorious crews at the close of the races, which gave full satisfaction.

THE POSTPOMED YACHT RACE OFF RIKER'S ISLAND.

On Saturday, 13th inst., the yachtmen took advantage of the fine weather to bring the contest to a satisfactory conclusion. At one o'clock the vessels enumerated below came into position, and upon the signal swept gallantly outward, the allowance of time being two minutes to the foot for the shorter boats. Want of space forbids our giving a detailed description of the race, which was spirited from beginning to end. They rounded the flagboat at Throgg's Neck in the subjoined order:—

	Hrs.	Min.		Hrs.	Min.
Comet	4	15	Joseph Ebling	5	30
Sophia	4	20	Seaman Raynor	4	35
Unknown	4	24	Eliza	4	35½

and came home in the time given below:—

	Hrs.	min.	sec.		Hrs.	min.	sec.
Sophia	5	50	52	Joseph Ebling	6	11	30
Comet	5	50	55	Eliza	6	14	00
Unknown	5	55	30	Seaman Raynor	6	17	5

TWO MILE SCULL RACE.—Irving Grinnell, D. Le Roy, G. C. Rivers and John Roosevelt, members of the Shatemuc Club, of Poughkeepsie, who pulled in the first race of the regatta of said club on the 9th inst., had another race, two miles distance, on the 13th inst. Messrs. Lewis H. Livingston and E. L. Trudeau, of the yacht Louis, of New York, were the judges. Grinnell pulled the paper boat Josie, Rivers the paper boat Outhe, Le Roy the cedar shell Incog, and Roosevelt the cedar shell Ella. Rev. J. L. Corning, President of the Club, acted as starter. The race quickly resolved itself into a struggle between Le Roy and Grinnell, who contested every inch of the way closely, the former, however, again winning, Rivers twenty seconds behind, and the others out of the race.

A LONG PULL.—Rev. J. L. Corning, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who believes that he can indulge in innocent recreation without interfering with his religion in any degree, and who is celebrated for his lengthy boating excursions, was to have started on the 15th inst. for a pull on the Merrimac and Concord rivers, rowing from Concord, N. H., to the town of the same name in Massachusetts and thence to the mouth of the stream.

THE FOUR-OARED CHAMPIONSHIP.

ARE THE ST. JOHNERS AFRAID TO PULL THE WARDS?

A WORD TO OUR OARSMEN.

Long and impatiently have we, in common with the aquatic public, awaited a rejoinder from the "famous Paris crew of St. John, N. B." to the communication from one of the backers of the Ward brothers, offering to row the former crew or any other four in the world for as much money as they felt disposed to stake upon the issue; but thus far we have waited and watched in vain—not the least sign of animation is visible in the camp of the New Domin

AT CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I went to church the other day,
And, as I always do
On such occasions, by the way,
I sat down in a pew.

And, as I looked around me on
The crowd, I thought it odd,
If many whom I knew by sight
Came there to worship God.

There's Holdfast, the great millionaire,
When poor men seek his aid,
He's never known to heed their prayer—
No sorrow he's allayed.

Can that man pray?—and if he should
E'er ask to be forgiven,
D'ye think his prayers avail without
One attribute of heaven?

And see that man who sits beside
The lady with the cur's;
Although she is his loving bride,
He's after other girls.

I wonder now if such a man
Can enter, without dread,
Th' abode of God each week, and hear
The ten commandments read.

Miss Jennie, too, were best away
And so were Mrs. Tims,
Although a wager I would lay
They ne'er neglect the *Hims*.

The moral of my theme, I trust,
Will be well understood,
I seek not to offend the just,
The merciful and good.

But what I have to say is this,
And may it homeward reach—
All who profess to Godliness
Don't practice what they preach!

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 9.—Up in the Village.

Not a few of the inhabitants of this island, drawn hither by the exigencies of commerce and admitted to the honor of citizenship since the geographic distinctions of our municipality have been abandoned or modified, may be unaware that, down to the present moment, a very central and populous section of our city is habitually designated by residents of native origin by a title, the original intention of which has been long since lost amid the progressive expansion of the fire limits. I believe that scores of mercantile patrons of trade in hide and leather, even, the most plethoric-pursed dealers at the Shoe and Leather Bank, would be astonished if told that the best market for the purchase of their commodities would be "The Swamp;" still fewer of our present traders, I am certain, have ever heard mention of the "Hook;" and I will wager that scarce a baker's dozen of our good and solid men upon 'change can determine the exact locality of "The Village."

The Village, by which abbreviation the inhabitants of the Ninth Ward patriotically allude to the former limits of Greenwich Village comprises a section of the metropolis probably the earliest settled after the conquest of New Amsterdam and its rechristening as New York. I am aware that local chronicle informs us that the original Dutch settlers maintained trading posts at Harlem, Corlear's Hook and other points on the island, but I have ever been instructed to regard Greenwich Village as the first regular settlement created for the purpose of permanent residence outside the narrow boundaries of the infant city, a settlement which grew into wealth and importance long before New York proper had crept up to the shores of the Collect or of the Manhattanese canal.

Be the question of its antiquity as it may, the Village was in my younger days and continues to the present time, as much of a distinctive locality, although within our general municipality, as if it had been originally placed in the Jersies or other foreign parts. It was peopled with a peculiar class of inhabitants, whose opinions, tastes, occupations and amusements differed emphatically from those of the other sections of New York, and I am happy to add, from recent experience, that the descendants of the Village stock adhere with commendable obstinacy to the leading peculiarities of their worthy progenitors. While in every other district of this vast metropolis the march of emigration, of commerce, of trade and of fashion, has carried in its wake the demolition of ancient landmarks, of time honored customs and of social relations, the Village seemingly remains in open defiance to the encroachments of circumstances which have wrought radical changes elsewhere.

The Village, let me explain for the enlightenment of its benighted metropolitans, is but another name for the Ninth Ward of this city, extending along the Hudson river, from Hammersley street to Fourteenth, spreading inland to Greenwich avenue, and thence returning to the river along a very intricate topographic course. It is quite populous, but from the singular fact that most people born in that region prefer dying thereabout, very limited knowledge of the manners of the villagers has reached the outside world. It is, however, somewhat reverenced in the republic of letters from containing the house wherein died Thomas Paine, and is moreover of no mean historical repute, as within its precincts stood the old French tan yard, in close proximity to foot of Fourteenth street, at which point the body of General Hamilton was deposited after his duel with Aaron Burr, an event occurring on the Jersey Flats, beneath the heights of Weehawken, almost directly opposite, on the other side. It is furthermore memorable on our criminal annals from containing within its limits the old State Prison, remnants of which solid institution are still visible in buildings located near the foot of Christopher street. So, taking all things into consideration, leaving out of view the immense army of local celebrities emerging from its bosom, the Village, despite its obscurity now-a-days, has made no little noise in the world.

Possibly the Village owed no small measure of its permanent popularity to the occurrence of the yellow fever in the year 1822, the final one of those periodic scourges which were wont to render the coming of summer a source of terror to the old New Yorkers. Upon this eventful occasion, well remembered as the "Last Yellow Fever," the entire lower part of the city was deserted by the wealthier of the inhabitants, church yards were fenced in, and the municipality reduced to a nomadic condition, inasmuch as, houses failing, resort was had to tents and other temporary contrivances for the accommodation of families fleeing in dismay before the epidemic. The Village, with its stately mansions, antiquated farm houses and isolated cottages, received the fullest share of patronage. New avenues therein were laid out, one notably, Bank street, so named from the temporary location of the only institution of such a financial character in the city; fresh cottages sprang up as if by magic, while memory of the green fields and picturesque lanes, then forming a distinguishing feature on this suburban retreat, were gratefully remembered as the adornment of an elysian abode, in which enterprising merchants resolved to plant themselves to enjoy life for the rest of their days. From that day forth the Village became known as a sanctuary against disease—a sort of fountain of perpetual health.

When I first remember the Village it was the abode of many of our most prominent local celebrities, most of whom were honored with a consideration commensurate with their proprietary interest. Every denizen of the realm thereabout, for instance, while admiring the spacious mansion of Henry Meigs, never forgot to recollect that the worthy Alderman was a philosopher, a politician and a linguist. And such, indeed, was Henry Meigs, notwithstanding the disparaging couplet of the author of "The Croakers":—

"He had the genius ten times, ten times over,
Of Henry Meigs and Peter H. Wendover."

Few of the passing generation entertain feelings aught than of respect for Alderman Meigs, who deserves to be honorably remembered as among the originators of the American Institute—a meritorious encourager of mechanical and inventive skill, anticipating world's fairs and imperial shows.

Of a like stamp in merit and respectability were the other magnates in this precinct—Charley Oakley, a semi-patrician, adhering to the blue and buff of the fine old American gentleman with the passion of dying desperation; Garret Gilbert, Justice of the Peace and leader of the Jeffersonian democracy, which used to assemble beneath the shadow of a leafless hickory pole in front of Jefferson Hall, a brick hostelrie, on the corner of Charles and Hudson streets, from whose windows gleamed a burst of light produced by tallow candles, set in tin sockets made fast to the frames, whenever a democratic victory was announced; and as in those times elections were held for three days, and returns came to hand weeks after occurrence of politic events, it frequently chanced that Garry and his dips commemorated triumphs which subsequently turned out the reverse of his desires and their public enunciation.

But the great feature of the Village in my boyhood's hours was its butcher trade, and no burgher of Ghent, honored with the Golden Fleece, could be prouder of that insignia of industrial toil than were our butchers of their steels and cleavers. Indeed, it appeared that the most honorable and profitable occupations of the Ninth Warders were those connected with the public markets, of which the Village boasted two, which had been christened to designate the political proclivities of the stalwart race of beef killing beings, the Valleaus, the Prays, the Rices and the other representative *paters familiæ*, recognized potentates of a calling, descending as an heir-loom of priceless value from father to son. These master butchers were solid men in every sense of the term, and, having sown their wild oats in their younger days upon prolific soil, left an abundant crop for the gleaners coming after them.

Jefferson Market still exists, but the other, which was honored with the cognomen of his successor in championship of democracy, the political idol of the Village, has for a long period of time closed its existence. A stranger crossing the Christopher Street Ferry may be at a loss to account for the disproportionate width of that street for a couple of blocks at the river end. This topographic marvel may be explained upon supposition that its creation was intentionally designed to afford a site for the Jackson Market, which has since succumbed through municipal patronage bestowed upon the Clinton, planted in a more propitious locality and to which the magnates of the Jackson, young and old, great and small, found themselves compelled, despite their local prejudice, to transplant the carcasses of themselves and their beeves.

When these markets were in successful operation and the stall holders united in a confraternity of mutual interest, the Villagers were occasionally treated to pageants, wherein the butchers, their beasts, their carts, their beeves, their little sons and and their urchin daughters flourished in a spectacular demonstration, compared to which the vaunted allegorical parade of the Lord Mayor's Show *Grau* vanishes into a fleeting show. When any of the friendly slaughterers of kine determined upon the purchase and killing of a mammoth ox, or, perchance, of a pair of overgrown steers, the opportunity was seized upon to do homage to the patrons of the entire market in a style of respectful grandeur wonderful to contemplate. Preceded by a band of music, comfortably disposed in an extemporized van, with the whole body of employing butchers arrayed in sleeves and aprons of dazzling whiteness, crowned with silken hats of lustrous blackness, and mounted upon the sleekest studs their market could afford, serving as a sacrificial guard, the oxen destined for slaughter, gaily adorned with floral wreaths, festoons, fluttering pendants and bunches of particolored ribbons, were led in a triumphal march from door to door. Neither was that display the main feature of the parade, for the procession boasted butcher boys in the regalia of their craft, market carts, cleansed and varnished for the occasion, driven by butcher lads, jubilant in robes of many colors, and laden with with good, solid haunches of prime beef, garnished with gaudy rosettes, or with groups of the marketmen's fairest daughters, arrayed in allegorical costumes and dispensing smiles, any one of which should prove as fatal to the human heart as a blow from cleaver to the human head. Before the porch of each regular customer this expressive pantomime was halted and exhibited, to the unbounded delight of the juveniles of the family, who, on the morrow, would go dinnerless and supperless if deprived of a taste of the prize oxen, so gaily and daintily deluded into being a prime mover towards their own consumption.

If the master butchers of the Village were ever to be regarded as staid and considerate citizens, I am sorry to assert that the apprentices to the business bore no such commendable reputation. In fact, when they possessed characters of any description, they were of such a moral standard that the loss of them should have been regarded as a blessing in disguise, for a more reckless, law despising race of lads could not have been discovered, that is if the common talk of the female Villagers and the official returns at the Old Watch House, corner of Christopher and Hudson, were knetured with the faintest reliability.

Despising the miserable police discipline which committed the public peace of the town to the guardianship of a handful of superannuated watchmen, technically stigmatized as "leather heads," from the leather head-coverings they wore, reprobates of this class in butchering either perambulated the thoroughfares of the Village, rendering night hideous as "Calathumpian bands," or else taking possession of some public room and the person of a colored barber, impressed into the service as an involuntary musician, they extemporized dances to which they exacted the attendance of the sparse community of street walkers venturing to ply their vocation in that dangerous quarter. Indeed, so open and notorious became the disorders perpetrated by the Chickering and other gangs, that few reputable females ventured out after the evening hours, so that after ten, or thereabout, not a wayfarer, male or female, could be found in the streets of the Old Ninth during the long continuance of the butcher-boy broils.

It was from this source that was recruited the army of engine runners who, attaching themselves to the destinies of some favorite machine, brought the department into contempt by seizing upon fires and alarms as pretexts for free fights, which generally terminated in an effusion of blood, and oftentimes in homicide or other crime. Possibly the most salient point in the history of the Village is its intimate connection with the late Senator Broderick, who, in this locality, indulged in a career which few would regard as calculated to prove an instructive preliminary to a statesman's subsequent and meritorious existence, unfortunately cut short by a criminal act which the law of honor provides and public justice rarely reprobates. Originally from a very ordinary parentage, and surrounded by the many temptations ever besetting the path of a protectorless youth, Dave Broderick followed the example of his daily companions by attaching himself to the fire department. Engine No. 34—Red Rover—was then regarded as the apple of the Village's eye, and in her service Broderick battled physically and faithfully until he attained the dignity of its foremanship. Trivial as this incident might be deemed, it developed the executive ability of a man possessed of self-command. The leadership of a crowd of roughs possibly composed of the worst material among a reckless population convinced Broderick of his power of exacting respect from others. His ambition was flattered, and he resolved to elevate himself far above the level of his social surroundings. Employing his leisure hours in constant study, he overcame the impediments which had hitherto stood directly in his path. Encouraged by men of position, admiring his earnestness and political astuteness, Broderick successively held many positions of honor and trust, until the occurrence of the California excitement opened a fresh field for a man of his experience and of his ambition. His last words upon departure were characteristic, as he announced that he would never return from California unless as its representative in the United States Senate. And he literally fulfilled this determination.

At the corner of Commerce and Barrow streets there is still standing a two story brick house which had been kept by Senator Broderick as a tavern. The lower part was used as a bar room, and the upper floor employed as a bunk house for the members of the engine, which then lay on the opposite side of Barrow street. Notwithstanding that his house was the nursery whence emanated Bill Poole and others of a class, who at the outstart possessed and abused every advantage for which Broderick sighed, it was never complained of by the neighborhood as a scene of that riot or disorder invariably distinguishing resorts of a similar description.

Many ludicrous incidents occurred during the existence of this public house, which was named the "Subterranean," after a title of a journal published by the eccentric Mike Walsh, who, by the way, was held in general esteem by the Village politicians. Broderick conducted business with his bunkers strickly upon the cash principle—no money, no liquor. The stringency of this rule operated disadvantageously to the boys, who generally turned out of the bunk destitute of cash and afflicted with a lechery of thirst. During political campaigns those athirst resorted to a simple expedient to obtain the ardent, which they were aware from experience it would be impossible to cajole or extort from the implacable host. Sentries were posted at the various corners of the neighboring streets, and as a candidate came in sight, he was invited into "Dave's" just for a morning nip. Fearing to offend a voter the politician complied, and once within the door all chance for emerging without standing one or more rounds for the crowd was effectually precluded, and there the victimized place hunter was kept captive until the arrival of some other politician, in a like manner entrapped, gave him an opportunity to escape, of which he cheerfully availed himself and departed light in pocket but rich in worldly wisdom.

The memory of Senator Broderick was kept fresh and green during his Californian absence by his former adherents and admirers. A Broderick Guard was paraded on his natal day, and a multiplicity of prizes, awarded by commemorative publicans, duly shot for and carried home. No turtle feast, chowder festival or festive gathering could be successfully completed without an allusion to the far off Pride of the Village. Finally, to tutor the raising youth as to the greatness of his example, a bran new fire engine rattled through the streets, resplendent with his portrait and emblazoned with his name, which all could read as it ran. Finally, attaining his Senatorial dignity, the ex-foreman of 34 passed through this city on his way to the national capital. Alas! for the ingratitude of great men. The newly fledged statesman wholly ignored the scene of his primitive, but rough honors; he did not even deign to plant his foot on the soil of the forgotten Village, and to those of his former comrades who continued to gain access to his Senatorial presence, the returned prodigal son gave a square shake and the cold shoulder. Then the ire of Villagers arose in retributive vengeance. The Guard was disbanded, never again to answer roll call; at festive gatherings his honored name is never lisped, not even amid the exhilaration of the flowing bowl, and, as for the gorgeous fire machine, she has been rolled back to the corporation yard, there to be disposed of among other lots of useless lumber.

And in somewhat of similar manner has vanished the other monuments of the time honored Village, leaving behind but a typical survivor, which appears to have withstood the allurements of pride, the enjolements of fashion and the temptations of speculation. At the very entrance of Abingdon square stands, in the plenitude of its pristine simplicity, a dingy looking slaughter house—escutheon of the patriachal race of Vaileaus.

IN THE NIGHT.

He came in noiselessly; my door stood ajar. I heard no footsteps, but felt the presence of some one near me. It was past midnight and all was quiet, only the tick of the clock on the mantel. I felt some one near me, I saw, yet his coming had been so noiseless that I looked not up till a hand was laid upon my shoulder.

Geoffrey Carson, who occupied the room next mine on the top story of the ho se where I lodged.

"Hard at it, eh? Always at work, I'll be bound. I hear your pen scratching, scratching late into the night. Bad for the brain, bad for the brain, I assure you."

I looked at the man as I spoke; I had never yet conversed with him beyond the most formal exchange of courtesies, such as "good morning" or "good evening." He was a tall, slim young man, with a pale, haggard face, blue or grey eyes, it was hard to distinguish which, and long, yellow hair that almost reached his shoulders. I could not help noticing his hand; it was so narrow and so thin, and the fingers so long and tapering. It had a look of treachery in it; it was such a hand as might steal upon you in the dark to do you mischief.

"Yes," he continued, resting one of his slippered feet upon the opposite knee, "it is very bad for the brain." And as he spoke he drew his hand wearily across his forehead. "You write stories, do you not? Well, everybody has a story of his own. I have mine. You have never heard mine, I believe? It is worth hearing, I assure you. Some people to whom I have told it profess not to believe it; they say it was a nightmare, but I tell you it was an actual occurence—you would know it was if you had been in my place. Listen," and his voice sank to a whisper, "I was in love once. She was so beautiful, so beautiful, the handsomest girl in the town. Young and full of spirits; full of health; a favorite with everyone; I wished then I could give her another name, hers was so dry, so unromantic; it was Samantha! I loved her, I tell you; yes, more, I idolised her. We became engaged; oh, the happy hours we spent together, the walks, the drives we took, the books we read, the songs we sang. Do you never sing? Very soothing is music, very quieting to the brain. You may have heard me play upon my flute at times.

I had, to my sorrow.

"That is when my brain is tired, when the rats are scampering about in the garret here. Do you ever hear them? You must have heard them, surely; they are at it all night.

"Well, as I was saying, we were engaged; I bought a ring, and put it upon her small, white hand, and I put a kiss upon her lips that was worth more than the ring, and our happiness lasted for six short months and then it was over.

"One night I called at her father's house. She had been growing cold toward me for some time back; it would have been hardly perceptible, perhaps, to any one else, but a lover will notice these things quickly. That night it was too apparent for me not to notice it, and I asked her what it meant. She told me—what? Can you guess? She told me that she had been mistaken in her feelings; that she had never really loved me! Can you realise it? I could not at the time; I can hardly realise it now. Does it take a woman six months to find out whether or not she really loves a man to whom she is engaged, I wonder? She told me all this as calmly, as coldly, as quietly as if we had never breathed a word to one another, never kissed, never embraced. I was white with rage; I could have struck her to the ground then and there. She looked so cold, so beautiful, so cruel, as she stood before me, that there seemed a charm, a fascination even, in the words she spoke, bitter as they were to hear.

"I left her at the door without another word. She offered me her hand, but I flung it from me.

"The moon was full in the sky; it shone directly on her. She looked like some fair ghost as she stood there in her white summer dress, and do you know—do you know, I say—that I believe it was a warning, a premonition of what followed; she, in her white dress, in the moonlight, looked so like a ghost.

"She married—married a cheerful, open headed fellow, the son of a wealthy man in our town, whom she used to laugh at and flirt with as I thought to tease and annoy me—married him, the last man in the world whom I thought she would marry. The old love wasn't dead yet in my heart, and when I heard of it I ground my teeth and clenched my fist and swore revenge. I vowed I would kill her if I could.

"Now, hark you, listen to me; the worst is to come. It happened last year. It was toward morning and yet dark, when I awoke from a sound sleep and saw her standing by my bedside in the same white dress that she wore on the night we parted. I said it was dark; I meant by that, that the dawn had not yet come, but the moon was in the sky and looked straight in at the window, falling on her as she stood by my bed.

"She never moved, never uttered a word; but stood there, gazing at me fixedly. Her look seemed to burn into my brain, it was so steadfast, so searching. The rats outside were making night hideous with their revels, and what do you think I did? I rose up quietly, with a deadly purpose in my heart; I went to a drawer and took a stiletto from it; I wiped it carefully, there is no blood on it now, I would not have that haunt me; I took the stiletto and with one murderous blow I buried it to the hilt in her bosom. What! you doubt me? I tell you it is a fact. There was her death in that next day's evening paper, and no cause assigned for it. Now, do you doubt me? I have it here, I will show it to you." And he produced the notice of a death, cut from a newspaper of a year past.

"Ha, ha! you believe me now. Listen! listen! hark to the rats; how they skamper, how they shriek!"

Poor Geoffrey Carson! The next time I saw him was in an asylum for the insane. I spoke with him, asked him how he did. He shook his head sorrowfully, tapped with his knuckles upon his forehead and answered:—

"It is all of having rats in one's garret, my friend—all of having rats in the garret."

LADIES SAWING WOOD ON A WAGER.—A few evenings since a little party, consisting of five young ladies and two young gentlemen, met in a parlor at Galena, Ill., and one of the latter (whom we will call "A") said to the other (who shall be known as "B"), that he would give him $100 if he would saw a cord of wood twice in two in one day, in the most public place on Main street. B delcined. Sawing wood was not his best hold, and the fear of breaking down before accomplishing the task, and thus being the subject of a good joke, induced him not to attempt the task. The ladies being inclined to urge B to accept the offer, he remarked that perhaps they would like to try it themselves, adding that if they would do so, and were successful, he would give them the $100. With one voice they consented. Next day they procured a cord of wood and had it hauled about two miles out of town, where they set about the task. The scene was amusing. Tiny fingers, trained to glide lightly over the keys of the piano, might have been seen lifting heavy sticks of cord-wood to the saw-horse. Delicate white hands grasped the saw, which was pushed with a will. They went to work like those who have an end in view and are bound to win. Right *manfully* did they struggle on till the task was accomplished. A, who had been watching the progress of the work, then offered them $10 for one load of the wood, provided they would deliver it in his office in Galena. The next morning they put five sticks of wood into a buggy (a *load*, of course,) and delivered it in A's office. A "came down" with his $10, and B with his $100. For the benefit of those who may wish to engage in the business, we will state that neither of these gentlemen wish to employ any more wood sawyers on the same terms.

OLD SPORTING DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Although many of the old faces, once as familiar as the cupola of the City Hall or the spire of St. Paul's, have vanished from the busy scene of life, there are still surviving among us many who can recall without an effort the aspect of New York as the city of the Knickerbockers existed twenty years ago. That was quite within our time; but over this metropolis within that brief interval a transformation has taken place as remarkable as anything recorded in the Arabian Nights. At that time Union square was the *ultima thule* of the promenader and most of the fashionable dwellings were below that limit, while "Corporal Thompson's" occupied the vacant space now filled by one of the most palatial hotels in the country, and the principal public resorts were located between Bleecker street and the Battery. It was only a little while before that the Astor House had begun to "crowd the mourners" at the City Hotel and the Washington, just as other establishments of even greater pretension are beginning to "crowd" the Astor. Nearly all the old landmarks have quietly disappeared in the meanwhile.

A great place of resort was the *cafe* and billiard saloon kept by Frank Monteverde. Being situate next door the office of the original *Spirit of the Times*, when the editorial rooms of that journal were the *rendezvous* of all the leading wits and sportsmen, it became a favorite gathering point for a majority of those worthies, William T. Porter, the "tall son of York," being their acknowledged leader. There of an evening would foregather such men as "Governor" Richards, the famous cricketer and proprietor of the journal aforesaid; Henry William Herbert, the novelist and sketcher; Louis Gaylord Clark; Elliot, the painter; Kendall, of the New Orleans *Picayune;* and Edmund B. Greene, of the *Emporium;* Sam Ward; Harry Deming, of the *New World*—then a rattling blade in seedy circumstances, since heir to a fortune, Mayor of Hartford, General in the army, and United States Senator—Fitz Greene Halleck, Judge Dean, Jack Haggerty, Dandy Marks and many others, "though lost to sight, to memory dear." There, too, came "Lord George Gordon," a sprig of aristocracy from across the big herring pond, who wore irreproachable kids and boots, drank enough to float a seventy-four, and was always on the scent after a V or a dinner.

Among the frequenters were a number of medical students undergoing penance at a college located somewhere in the avenues above Bleecker, and who, when supposed to be investigating the mysteries of science at the hospital, were often at Monteverde's and similar places, playing billiards and "investigating" the mysteries of tobacco and whiskey with a perseverance which promised to place them in a position to become each other's patients. One of these has been for a long time conductor of a famous medical monthly; another rejoices in a high professorship. All were gay youth who had resolved to drain to the dregs the cup of pleasure before settling down to the actual business of life.

Galen Institute, the classical name of the college in which these youths were to graduate, was an establishment in which were observed the strictest gravity and decorum. Being consigned to this retreat of learning from distant States, many of them occupied rooms in the building and were subjected to the strictest surveillance, the professors being answerable to their parents for any infractions of propriety which these young hopefuls might perpetrate. As a natural consequence they employed every *ruse* to enjoy their peculiar notions of liberty and were generally successful in escaping detection.

The last freak deserves record as illustrating the lengths to which the most respectable and most sedate of men have sometimes allowed their love of fun and excitement to carry them.

It was the occasion of one of the annual races in which Fashion and Eclipse were the particular features, and several parties had been made up at the old Barclay street headquarters, comprising the leading wits and gallants, as well as the principal sportsmen of the town. The day was lovely, and the road leading to the Pioneer Course was alive with human beings and horse flesh in rapid motion. Hiram Woodruff and Snediker were in their glory, and money was pouring into their coffers like grist into the hopper of a mill. The course presented a showy sight, many of the upper-crust being present, as well as the knowing ones, and that mixed assortment of every crowd which assembles for such purposes within hail of Gotham. Our party of pleasure seekers were men well known on the field and the turf, and were speedily provided with conspicuous places. Bets were flying round promiscuously, and all was the liveliest animation. Ever and anon some of the party would call for wine, or adjourn to the bar for a chat and a smoke. Women, in elegant costumes were not lacking to enliven the scene. Handkerchiefs waved and hats were flourished as the panting steeds dashed by at the given word. There was a scene of wild hurrahing and shouting, and the races were over for the day—the excitement was at an end.

Dinner had been provided for a select half dozen at a popular hotel on the route. It was prepared in the perfect style for which ——'s used to be so famous, and was washed down by some of the finest wines and *liquors* to be had for money. Several of the group had been winners to a considerable amount and were disposed to be liberal. Cigars and cards were introduced, and night overtook these gay roysterers in that certain condition which disposes even persons of the most irreproachable character and the best intentions to be ready for a lark. A ball was in progress at the next tavern, to which it was unanimously agreed to adjourn—one of the parlors at ——'s having in the meantime been engaged in case of contingencies. Here other acquaintance were added, until the party had swelled to a baker's dozen. About midnight the commingled wine and spirits had performed their work on the temperaments of the participants were ready for mischief of any kind. Returning to ——'s a bright idea suggested itself. It was widely known that ——'s garden contained a handsome quantity of fruit, prominent among which were a quantity of musk-melons. On these our hilarious youth proposed to regale, but without the permission of mine host, who might not have agreed with them in their application of the principle that stolen fruit is sweetest. On the way they passed the engine house of the village, the door of which had accidentally been left ajar. Busy figures were for some minutes coming and going between the house and a field in the rear. All at once the fire bell was heard to give forth a series of sonorous peals, which slowly aroused the dwellers in the vicinity from their slumbers. Numbers rushed for the engine, but it was nowhere to be found, some invisible agency having spirited away both the machine and its keeper. He was discovered at last in a state of high social elevation at a distant tavern, where his auditorium discussing their fun and the whole set off with a lighted lantern in search for the machine. It was turned up finally in an adjoining ditch, from which it was with difficulty extricated, and replaced in its shed in a rather muddy and tangled condition in the early glimmer of the morning.

Pending this proceeding the gay youth in question had made rapid progress back to the tavern, where one remained in the garden, while others raised the window of the room assigned them to receive the expected fruit. But dissipation had done its work and sleep overtook them in the midst of their labors.

When they awoke next morning they found the apartment filled with gourds and mock oranges. They littered the floor and filled the chairs and tables—gourds, gourds everywhere, but not a melon nor an apple. More strange than all, the purveyor had disappeared, leaving his friends to divine whether he had been detected in *flagrante delicto*, or fearful of the consequences, had begged or bought a seat in some belated conveyance and hurried back to town. Small space was granted, however, for surmises, for by this time a great uproar arose without, and going to the window, they found a crowd of incensed citizens (all hard-working Flushwickers) gathered about the porch, from which a gentleman with a large stick and a bad cold had commenced to harangue them.

The consequences might have been serious had not the landlord generously volunteered to act as intermediator. A sum of money was raked together, the host promptly paid and the gay gallards of our adventure returned city ward in their own conveyance, with aching heads and reproachful consciences, *minus* one of their number, the uncertainty of whose fate gave them much trouble.

Policeman number —, Fiftieth Precinct, was the first to solve the mystery. He had not gone over half his beat, just at the dawn of day, when something resembling a tumbled heap of linen on the doorstep of an aristocratic mansion in Lafayette place arrested his attention. He found it to consist of the form of a human being, who, owing to the shivering induced by the scanty garment in which he was clad, could not make himself intelligible. A complete suit of broadcloth was hanging over the railing and a hat, pair of gloves and boots were on the spikes. He had gained, by some mysterious process known only to intoxicated men, what he supposed to be his own dwelling; then, by a remarkable method of reasoning, convincing himself that he had arrived at his bed, had hung his garments over the rails and gone to sleep in the manner indicated, with his head on the door-mat!

THE PLEASANT BOARDING HOUSE ON THE HILL.

An Affecting Tribute to the Memory of a Deceased Boarder.

As a superior specimen of legislative oratory, or "studied impropriety of speech," the following tribute to the memory of the late Col. Yell, of Texas, delivered by a distinguished colleague from one of the border districts of that State, speaks for itself. For freedom and breadth of style it can hardly be surpassed:—"Mr. Speaker, it becomes my melancholy duty to announce to the members of this yer body that Andrew Jackson Yell, of Yelville, a member of this House, is no more. He has fell a victim to that all-conquering tyrant, Death, who, yesterday evening, put an end to his mortal career; and he now lies lifeless at the pleasant boarding house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where he and many other members of this yer House has boarded session after session; and where, throughout his lengthy and, consequently, protracted typhus fever, he received every care and attention which that ar kind hearted woman and her numerous and attentive help could bestow. But, alas! all her care and kindness was of no avail. Colonel Yell has gone from among us, and in his demise my melancholy duty to offer the customary resolutions on this occasion, which I hev taken the opportunity to draft out last night, while settin' up with the body. It ain't with no ordinary feelin's of grief, Mr. Speaker, that I make this yer communication to this yer honorable body; for I knowed the deceased in particular, Mr. Speaker, and knowed him clean through, I might say, from Alpy to Izzard. There may be men mean enough to come forward, now he's gone from among us, and allude to his faults of kerricter—for, like all other men, he had his faults, and who ain't got 'em? There may be men in this yer body mean enough, I say, out of pure cussedness, to fetch up the failin's of the deceased, but I, at least, ain't a goin' to be one of 'em. I know there was some things that might be norated agin him. He may hev been slightly addicted to whisky; but then, Mr. Speaker, there's others in this House that could drink him blind drunk afore breakfast, and they know it. He may hev been quick to use his shootin' tools, but then he never drawed a weapon on a man if he wasn't mad! They may say he didn't pay his debts—who in Texas does, Mr. Speaker? And agin, they may tell you that he frolicked *considerable*. Well all I hev to say about *that* is, who in——don't, Mr. Speaker? I put it to you, Sir, and to this august body to answer that p'int. Whoever in this House, at least, is without fault in this respect, let him, as the Scripter observes, be the first to shy a considerable-sized rock on to his memory, or words to that effect; I don't reck'lect the precise terms of the passage. Among his many virtoos, Mr. Speaker, our departed friend was a devoted admirer of that noble animal the hoss, conscientiously stendin' every race-track within forty miles of this yer place, and backin' his opinion onto oncertain events in the future to the extent of his ability, and sometimes beyond it, in the extensivest and most gentlemanly manner! He was also an active member of the Engine Company, and often good at fires. In short, he was a good citizen, an honest man, and a perfect gentleman. In his melancholy decease society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a gloom is cast over our whole community, but more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones' boarding-house, where the eligible room which he occupied, and in which, I said before, he received every care and attention from that estimable lady, is now, alas! vacant for the balance of the season—"

"Mr. Speaker [a member of the Opposition here interrupts] I rise to a p'int of order."

The Speaker requested Mr. Slaken to state his p'int.

"I want to know, Mr. Speaker, if it is in order for any member of this yer House, in his speech *onto the memory of a dead man, to ring in boardin'-house, kep' by his aunt*, and furnished by himself, *on shears?* It may be parliamentary and all right, but *I don't see it!*"

The Speaker, with a withering glance at Slaken, decided the p'int to be not well taken.

"Ah! this is too sollom a occasion, Mr. Speaker, for me to take notice of any sich imperdence and side remarks as that air. I fully expected some infamous hyena would be out here to-day, howlin' round the grave of our departed friend, foamin' at the mouth, gnashing his toothless jaws, and droolin' out his inoffensive and impotent rage. With his hide covered all over with welts, all sore and disgustin' from the lash and the hot poker of terrowth, which his insolence has brought upon him pretty much every day durin' this session, he rolls over and over, and bites and tears and soils himself, till he becomes justly offensive to every eye in this House. I'll see that *his* goose is cooked for him b'reafter *suitable*, and that not on no melancholy occasion, nuther. *To resume the discussed:*—Whatever kin be said of him by friends or enimies, no man at least kin deny that he wasn't a patriot. Look back at his political record, and see what's thar! for, as the poet Watts feelingly remarks, 'By their record shall ye know me.'" Mr. Speaker, what is that record? Virtue is its own reward, Mr. Speaker; and no great action was ever done in the world but what the man that done it was barked and yelped after by somebody. But the deceased, intrenched in the galorious armor of patriotism, with his hand on this yer record, could look the Amerikin eagle proudly in the eye, and defy chain-lightning in any shape or from whatever quarter it might come, and when prostrate and emaciated, he died at last on his prostrate bed at the pleasant boardin' house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, the thoughts of this 'ere armor, and of that ar record of his'n, come to his wounded sensibilities like a heavenly angel, and even death himself *couldn't set him half a turn back!* I close this effecting duty, Mr. Speaker, by moving that a committee of this House be appointed to report these resolutions on the deceased, and to attend his funeral, and that Leonidas Blizard, of Athens, be the chairman of said committee; at the same time remarking that the gorgeous heavens has now opened to receive his mortal spirit, and that his earthly remains will be buried at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, *sharp*, from the pleasant boardin' house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where, under the late rulin' of the Speaker, I deem it *eminently* proper for me to remark, and I do it emphatic (no matter *whose* corns is trod on,) that the eligible room which he occupied is now unfortunately vacant, and will doubtless be let to any other member of this House, very reasonable, for the balance of the ensuing season.—*Peace be to his ashes.*

A DOG'S WARNING.

The women of Peru are extremely beautiful. Some of the handsomest women I have ever seen were natives of that country. One of these was Inez Xantecas; a very queen in appearance. She was scarcely sixteen when she married Juan Salano, a merchant of Lima, a warm personal friend of my own, who had acquired an almost princely fortune while yet a young man.

Like all handsome women, the Senorita Inez had many admirers. Among these was a first cousin of hers, Antonio Miguel, who had inherited wealth from his parents, but was fast squandering it in gaming and dissipation.

The lady preferred my friend Juan; and their marriage exasperated Miguel to such a degree that, but for the intervention of friends, he would have challenged his more successful rival. Having at last run through his inheritance, he soon after left the city, no one knew whither.

About six months after marriage Juan Salano purchased a silver mine in a remote section of Peru, away to the eastward; and having built a house such as would suffice to live in for the time being, went thither, accompanied by his wife, to superintend the working of the mine.

Juan took with him a number of miners; and one servant, an old negro woman. I presented him with a hound that I took with me from home, a noble dog, and well trained, one that I had had since a pup. The dog soon became much attached to his new master, so Juan wrote me. The mine, he said, was doing well and promised to be very remunerative.

This was some months after they had become settled there. His letter ended with an urgent appeal to me to make them a visit, offering me such fare as their humble dwelling might afford.

I promised to avail myself of the invitation, and, in the month of June, having no business to detain me, started on my way towards the mountains. I was three days in reaching there, having performed the journey almost entirely on horseback. My reception was a welcome one all round.

"You see," said Juan to me, "we are sixteen miles from the nearest town, so you can imagine how little we see of anyone except ourselves. During the day I am usually at the mine, which is a good seven miles from here. There I have the society of the miners, but that is not the most cultivated in the world, as you know."

During the afternoon, as I had expressed great interest in the mine, Juan proposed, if agreeable to me, that we should ride over and look at it.

We arrived in good season at the mine, where the men were busy at work, under the direction of an overseer.

Some hours were consumed in examining the progress which had been made, and night overtook us ere we were fully through.

"Are you armed?" asked Juan of me, as we prepared to mount.

"I have my revolver," I replied, placing my hand behind me, to see if it was safe.

"It is well to be prepared," continued my friend. "I seldom travel at night, and it is said there are some lawless people abroad, though I think there is little chance of being molested between here and the house."

"Perhaps I had better accompany you," said the overseer, whose name was Burch.

"You might return with me in the morning," replied Juan, who seemed pleased with the proposal.

"In that case we had better take a bite of something before we start, eh?"

"Wait till we get home," answered Juan.

In less than a quarter of an hour we were on the road. It was a lovely night; the moon shone with unsurpassed effulgence, rendering the way as plain to be followed as at mid-day. There was not a cloud in the sky, which was thickly studded with stars; and the leaves on the trees shone as with silver.

We had ridden little over five miles when we heard through the stillness the panting of some animal coming toward us on the road.

"What can it be?" asked Besson.

"It sounds like a dog," replied Juan.

Just at that moment, as we reached the base of the mountain, and the road stretched out straight and level before us, we saw a black shadow coming rapidly along it. The distance lessened with each stride of the animal, and very soon it was plain to see that it was a dog.

"It must be Carlo," remarked Juan; "his mistress has probably sent him to hurry us on to supper."

In less time than it takes to tell it, the dog was close at our heels, panting, barking, and starting forward on a run, then returning, and barking still more, would rush forward again, as before, seeming almost frantic in his desire to convey to us something which the poor brute had no other means of communicating than by those demonstrations.

"We had better ride forward," said Juan, somewhat agitated. "We have a smooth road before us now. There may be something wrong."

We put spurs to our horses and started at a sharp gallop, closely followed by Carlo, breathing harder now than ever with the long run he had had. Fifteen minutes gave us a distant glimpse of Juan's house. A wild scream, that of a woman, greeted

year old fillies, 8st 10lb each; second to receive 100 sovs; one mile and a half. 315 subs.
Mr. Graham's ch f Formosa, by Buccaneer—Eller, 8st 10lb ..... G. Fordham 1
M. Dawson's ch f Lady Coventry, by Thormanby—Lady Roden, 8st 10lb ..... Daley 2
Mr. Padwick's ch f Athena, by Stockwell—Heroine, 8st 10lb ..... T. French 3
Marquis of Hastings' b f Lady Elizabeth, by Trumpeter—Miss Bowzer, 8st 10lb ..... Cannon 0
Mr. Graham's ch f Janet Rawcliffe, by Stockwell—Blondelle, 8st 10lb ..... C. Page 0
Duke of Hamilton's ch f Leonie, by Newminster—Gaspard's dam, 8st 10lb ..... Alderoft 0
W. Davis' ch f Fair Star, by Cape Flyaway—Legardemain, 8st 10lb ..... Grimshaw 0
G. Holmes' br f Virtue, by Stockwell—Patience, 8st 10lb. Snowden 0
Mr. Welsby's b f Curlew Bell, by Newminster—Nugget, 8st 10lb ..... Osborne 0

Betting.—11 to 8 on Formosa, 9 to 2 agst Lady Elizabeth, 8 to 1 agst Virtue, 12 to 1 each agst Leonie and Lady Coventry, and 25 to 1 agst Fair Star. With as little delay as possible the horses proceeded to the starting post, which was reached precisely at thirteen minutes past three, and two minutes afterwards Mr. M'George lowered his flag to an excellent start, Athena was quickest on her legs, but before half a dozen strides had been taken she was pulled into the rear, and Fair Star took a slight lead of Janet Rawcliffe and Curfew Bell, who were almost head and head, and clear of the favorite on the left, who was succeeded by Virtue, Leonie and Lady Coventry, the two last being Lady Elizabeth and Athena. After about two hundred yards had been covered, Janet Rawcliffe, to serve the favorite, deprived Fair Star of the command, and cut out the work at her best pace, Fair Star lying in her immediate track, and just in advance of Virtue and Formosa, succeeded by Leonie, Curfew Bell and Lady Coventry, the latter trio lying abreast, stretching across the course and at least a dozen lengths in front of Lady Elizabeth and Athena, who still kept close company in the rear. Before half a mile of the distance had been traveled, Formosa passed Virtue and Fair Star, and on reaching the furses took up the running, at the same time materially improving the pace, and Page, having fulfilled his mission with Janet Rawcliffe, dropped into the rear even of Lady Elizabeth. The favorite soon had a lead of at least a couple of lengths of Virtue, who was separated by about a length from Leonie and Curfew Bell, next to Mr. Welsby's filly coming Lady Coventry, Athena still lying just in advance of Lady Elizabeth, whilst Janet Rawcliffe was tailed off. On emerging from the furzes, Leonie ran up to the girths of Virtue, and the pair came down the hill in company, two lengths in the rear of Formosa, and about half that distance in front of Curfew Bell, who was at this point succeeded by Lady Coventry and Athena, the latter having quitted her stable companion after passing the mile post, Janet Rawcliffe being now hopelessly beaten off. The lot came into the straight in this order, Formosa, however, increasing her lead three lengths as they rounded Tattenham Corner. She lay in the centre of the course, with Virtue on the lower ground, Athena on the right and Lady Coventry in the immediate track of the favorite, Fair Star and Curfew Bell being some distance in rear of Mr. Dawson's filly. The first to give way was Virtue, who held out signals of distress on crossing the road, and the retirement of the Richmond filly was taken advantage of by Athena, who got clear of Lady Coventry as they approached the distance, but the favorite was pulling over her opponents, and it was apparent that at any moment she could still further increase her lead, and that the only semblance of a race would be for the not barren honors of second place. At the commencement of the Stand enclosure, Fordham allowed the slashing daughter of Buccaneer and Eller to have her head, and, drawing away, she won in the commonest of canters by ten lengths, Athena succeeded in getting a place, finishing six lengths in the rear of Lady Coventry, who was fourth, fully ten lengths in the rear of Athena and a neck only in advance of Curfew Bell, fifth. Lady Elizabeth, four lengths in rear of Mr. Welsby's filly, was sixth, a long way in advance of Janet Rawcliffe; Leonie, who ran well in the front rank for a mile, when she was beaten from want of staying power, cantered in, pulling up on the post. On returning to scale, Fordham received quite an ovation from the multitude, but Lady Elizabeth was hooted and hissed from every part of the course. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 2 min. 47¼ sec. Nett value of the stakes, £5,450.

WINNERS OF THE OAKS.

Year.	Winner.	Start-ed.	Subs.	ers.	Jockey.
1779	Lord Derby's Bridget, by Herod	13	9	1	R. Goodison.
1780	Mr. Douglas' Teetotum, by Match'em	17	11		
1781	Lord Grosvenor's Faith, by Herod	16	6		
1782	Lord Grosvenor's Ceres, by Sweet Wilmot	22	12		Chifney, sen.
1783	Lord Grosvenor's Md. of the Oaks, by Herod	22	10		Chifney, sen.
1784	Mr. Burton's Stella, by Plunder	21	10		C. Hindley
1785	Lord Clermont's Tiffy, by Justice	23	4		J. Bird
1786	Sir F. Standish's Perdita f, by Tandem	24	13		J. Edwards
1787	Mr. Vernon's Annette, by Eclipse	24	8		Fitzpatrick
1788	Lord Egremont's Nightshade, by Potsos	18	7		Fitzpatrick
1789	Lord Egremont's Tag, by Trentham	18	7		Chifney, sen.
1790	Duke of Bedford's Hypolita, by Mercury	18	12		Chifney, sen.
1791	Duke of Bedford's Portia, by Volunteer	38	9		J. Singleton
1792	Lord Clermont's Violante, by Highflyer	38	11		C. Hindley
1793	Lord Grosvenor's Cecilia, by Volunteer	37	13		J. Goodison
1794	Lord Derby's Hermione, by Sir Peter	51	8		S. Arnull
1795	Lord Egremont's Platina, by Mercury	42	11		Fitzpatrick
1796	Sir F. Standish's Parasol, by Sir Peter	42	13		J. Arnull
1797	Lord Grosvenor's Nike, by Alexander	31	5		Buckle
1798	Mr. Durand's Bellissima, by Phenomenon	31	7		Buckle
1799	Lord Grosvenor's Bellina, by Rockingham	24	4		Buckle
1800	Lord Egremont's Ephemeris, by Woodpecker	24	8		Fitzpatrick
1801	*Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, by Whiskey	18	6		Saunders
1802	Mr. Wastell's Scotia, by Delpini	17	6		Buckle
1803	Sir T. Gascoigne's Thephania, by Delpini	24	7		Buckle
1804	Duke of Grafton's Feliese, by Whiskey	23	8		Clift
1805	Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor	27	8		Buckle
1806	Mr. Craven's Bronze, by Buzzard	27	12		W. Edwards
1807	Gen. Grosvenor's Briseis, by Beningbrough	31	13		S. Chifney
1808	Duke of Grafton's Morel, by Sorcerer	31	10		Clift
1809	Gen. Gower's Maid of Orleans, by Sorcerer	33	11		J. Moss
1810	Sir W. Gerard's Oriana, by Beningbrough	33	11		W. Peirse
1811	Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, by Sorcerer	40	12		Chifney
1812	Mr Hewett's Manuella, by Dick Andrews	40	12		W. Peirse.
1813	Duke of Grafton's Music, by Waxy	44	9		Goodison.
1814	Duke of Rutland's Medora, by Selim	44	9		Barnard.
1815	Duke of Grafton's Minuet, by Waxy	43	11		T. Goodison.
1816	Gen. Gower's Landscape, by Rubens	43	11		S. Chifney.
1817	Mr. Watson's Neva, by Cervantes	47	11		Buckle.
1818	Mr. Udny's Corinne, by Waxy	47	10		Buckle.
1819	Mr. Thornhill's Shoveller, by Scud	39	10		S. Chifney.
1820	Lord Egremont's Caroline, by Whalebone	39	13		H. Edwards.
1821	Lord Kesler's Augusta, by Woful	41	7		J. Robinson.
1822	Duke of Grafton's Pastille, by Rubens	42	10		H. Edwards.
1823	Duke of Grafton's Zinc, by Woful	45	10		Buckle.
1824	Lord Jersey's Cobweb, by Phantom	41	13		Robinson.
1825	Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, by The Flyer	51	13		S. Chifney.
1826	Mr. Forth's Lilias, by Interpreter	49	15		Lye.
1827	Duke of Richmond's Gulnare, by Smolensko	79	19		F. Boyce.
1828	Duke of Grafton's Theodosia, by Selim	78	19		J. H. Day.
1829	Lord Exeter's Green Mantle, by Sultan	77	14		Dockeray.
1830	Mr. Stonehewer's Variation, by Bustard	77	18		G. Edwards.
1831	Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, by Emilius	86	21		J. B. Day.
1832	Lord Exeter's Galata, by Sultan	85	20		J. B. Day.
1833	Sir M. Wood's Vespa, by Muley	97	19		Chapple.
1834	Mr. Cosby's Pussy, by Pollio	95	15		J. B. Day.
1835	Mr. Mostyn's Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede	98	10		Lye.
1836	Mr. Scott's Cyprian, by Partisan	98	12		Scott.
1837	Mr. Powlett's Miss Letty, by Priam	92	13		J. Holmes.
1838	Lord Chesterfield's Industry, by Priam	98	16		Scott.
1839	Mr. F. Craven's Deception, by Defence	95	13		J. B. Day.
1840	Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix, by Priam	103	15		J. B. Day.
1841	Lord Westminster' Ghuznee, by Pantaloon	118	22		Scott.
1842	Mr. G. Dawson's Cigar Nell, by Bran	131	16		Lye.
1843	Mr. Ford's Poison, by Plenipotentiary	91	23		F. Butler.
1844	Colonel Anson's The Princess, by Slane	117	25		F. Butler.
1845	Duke of Richmond's Refraction, by Glaucus	128	21		H. Bell.
1846	Mr. Gully's Mendicant, by Touchstone	140	24		S. Day.
1847	Sir J. Hawley's Miami, by Venison	152	23		Templeman.
1848	Mr. H. Hill's Cymba, by Melbourne	152	26		Templeman.
1849	Lord Chesterfield's Lady Evelyn, by Doncaster	172	15		F. Butler.
1850	Mr. Hobson's Rhedycina, by Wintonian	128	15		F. Butler.
1851	Lord Stanley's Iris, by Ithuriel	131	16		F. Butler.
1852	Mr. J. Scott's Songstress, by I. Bird-catcher	123	14		F. Butler.
1853	Mr. Waushope's Cath. Hayes, by Lanercost	141	17		Marlow.
1854	Mr. Cookson's Mincemeat, by Sweetmeat	156	15		Charlton.
1855	Mr. R. Reed's Marchioness, by Melbourne	162	11		Templeman.
1856	Mr. H. Hill's Minecpie, by Sweetmeat	156	10		A. Day.
1757	*Mr. W. P. Anson's Biluk Bonny, by Melbourne	130	13		Charlton.
1858	Mr. Gratwicke's (c) Governess, by Chatham	152	13		Ashmall.
1859	Mr. L. Loudesboro's Summerside, by W. Australn	168	15		G. Fordham.
1860	Mr. Eastwood's Butterfly, by Turnus	158	13		J. Snowden.
1861	Mr. J. Saxon's Brn. Duchess, by F. Dutchman	174	17		L. Snowden.
1862	Mr. Naylor's Feu de Joie, by Longbow	154	19		Chaloner.
1863	Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha, by Kingston	187	20		Aldcroft.
1864	C. F. de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air, by F.-a-Balgh	188	19		A. Edwards.
1865	Mr. Harlock's Regalia, by Stockwell	197	18		Norman.
1866	Mr. Dunbar's Tormentor, by King Tom	175	17		J. Mann.
1867	B'n Rothschild's Hippia, by King Tom	206	8		J. Daley.
1868	Mr. Jones' (d) Formosa, by Buccaneer	215	9		G. Fordham.

(c) After a dead heat with Admiral Harcourt's Gildermire.
(d) Formosa also ran a dead heat for the Two Thousand with Mr. Crawfurd's Moslem, the stakes being afterwards divided, and Moslem walking over.

Horses marked (a) also won the Two Thousand, (b) the One Thousand, (*) the Derby, (‡) the St. Leger.

Ascot Races.

This, one of the prominent and important turf meetings of Great Britain, commenced on the 9th inst., and a brief account of the same has reached us by the Atlantic telegraph, which we here give, but do not vouch for its correctness, as the 3,000 mile wire has made several mistakes of late:—

FIRST DAY, June 9.—The weather was fine, though cloudy, and the turf was in capital condition. The attendance was large. The great event of the day was the race for the gold vase, given by Her Majesty, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovereigns each; 3 year olds to carry 105lbs.; 4 years, 122lbs.; 5, 6 and aged, 129lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 5lbs.; 2 miles. It was won by Mr. Chaplin's b c Blinkhoolie, 4 yrs, by Rataplan, out of Queen of May; Julius second, Miss Sarah colt third, Dalesman fourth. The betting on the field was 12 to 1 against Blinkhoolie, 3 to 1 each against Julius and Miss Sarah colt, and 6 to 1 against Dalesman.

The Prince of Wales Stakes, of fifty sovereigns each, with 1,000 sovereigns added, for three year olds, colts to carry 122lbs., fillies 117lbs.; the owner of second horse to receive 200 sovereigns, and the owner of the third horse 100 sovereigns; one mile and five furlongs (131 subscribers), was won by Baron Rothschild's b c King Alfred, by King Tom, out of Scholar's dam, by Bay Middleton; the Baron's b c Restitution, by King Tom, out of Rest's dam by Slane, being second, Mr. Crawford's br c Moslem being third. Eight ran. The betting was 6 to 1 against King Alfred, 3 to 1 against Restitution, and 4 to 1 against Moslem.

The Ascot Stakes, of 25 sovereigns, with 200 sovereigns added, second horse to receive 100 sovereigns, and third 50 sovereigns, two miles and a half, was won by Mr. G. Payne's mare out of Maid of Masham; Ruric second, Lord Palmerston third. Fourteen ran, the betting being 6 to 1 against the winner, 8 to 1 against Ruric, and 20 to 1 against Lord Palmerston.

The Queen's Stand Plate of 200 sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each; 2 year olds to carry 96lbs.; 3 years, 124lbs.; 4 years, 131lbs.; 5 and upwards, 134lbs.; mares and geldings, 3lbs.; 1,236 yards. Sir John Hawley's b h Xi, 5 years old, by Gen. Williams, out of Lambda, won; the Duke of Newcastle's 2 year old filly Abstinence second, Van Amburgh third. The betting was even on Xi; 2 to 1 against Abstinence, and 2 to 1 against Van Amburgh. Seven ran.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

The attendance was numerous and brilliant and the weather delightful. The Ascot Derby stakes of 50 sovereigns each, with 200 sovereigns added, for three year olds, colts to carry 122lbs. and fillies 118lbs.; the second horse to save his stake, one mile and a half (32 subscribers), was won by the Marquis of Hastings' b c The Earl, by Young Melbourne, out of Bay Celia; Colonel Pearson's ch c Capapie, by Thormanby, out of Panoply; second; Baron Rothschild's br c Suffolk, by North Lincoln, out of Protection, third. Four started. The betting was two to one on the Earl against the field, six to one against Capapie and two to one against Suffolk. The Royal Hunt Cup, value 200 sovereigns, added to a sweepstake of 10 sovereigns each, for all ages, one mile, was won by Satyr, Mr. H. Wilmer's chestnut colt Rastley, by Trumpeter, out of Maud, by Loup Garon, second; Lord Westmoreland's bay colt Master Willie, by Tournament, out of Gertrude, third. Twenty-two ran. The betting stood before the start at ten to one against Satyr, even on Rastley and seven to one against Master Willie.

The Fern Hill Stakes of fifteen sovereigns each, with one hundred sovereigns added, two year olds to carry 102lbs., three year olds to carry 126lbs., fillies and geldings allowed 3lbs., half a mile, was won by Mr. J. Dawson's chestnut colt De Vere, two years old, by St. Albans out of Apricot; the Duke of Hamilton's chestnut filly Leonie, three years old, by Newminster out of Odd Trick's dam, second. Betting—2 to 1 against De Vere, even on Leonie

The Tenth Ascot Biennial Stakes of ten sovereigns each, with one hundred sovereigns added, for three year olds' colts carrying 125lbs. and fillies carrying 118lbs.; owner of second horse to receive twenty-five sovereigns; one mile; sixty-nine subscribers. The Marquis of Hastings' The Earl won, Baron Rothschild's Suffolk second and Mr. Salmon's Vale Royal third. Betting—2 to 1 on The Earl, 12 to 1 against Suffolk and 7 to 1 against Vale Royal. Four started.

The Coronation Stakes of one hundred sovereigns each, for three year olds, fillies to carry 122lbs., the second filly to receive back her stake, one mile, thirty-one subscribers, was won by the Marquis of Hastings' chestnut filly Athena, by Stockwell, out of Heroine, by Neasham, who beat her only competitor, Sir Joseph Hawley's bay filly Green Sleeve, by Beadsman, out of Mrs. Quickley. Betting—2 to 1 against Athena, 2 to 1 on Green Sleeve.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

The third day was the principal day of the meeting, being the "Cup Day." The attendance was enormous and extremely aristocratic and fashionable. The weather was dull, heavy and sultry. The Ascot Gold Cup was the first race on the card; its value is three hundred sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of twenty sovereigns each, the second horse receiving fifty sovereigns. The distance is two miles and a half and the course is regarded as the severest in England, the first half being nearly all on the descent and the remainder up hill the greater part of the way. The weights carried are very heavy compared with the scale adopted in this country; three year olds, carrying 103lbs; four year olds, 122lbs; five year olds, 129 lbs; and six and aged, 131lbs. There were twenty-two subscribers, of which three started—Sir Joseph Hawley's Blue Gown, the winner of the Derby; Baron Rothchild's King Alfred and the Duke of Newcastle's Speculum, who ran second and third in the race for the "Blue Riband of the Turf." The Derby running was fully borne out, as Blue Gown won, with Speculum second, thus improving his Derby position. We give the summary:—

ASCOT, June 11.—THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, valued at 300 sovereigns, and a subscription of 20 sovereigns each, second horse to receive 50 sovereigns; 3 year olds to carry 125 pounds; 4 year olds, 132 pounds; 5 years, 139 pounds; 6 years and aged, 131 pounds; mares and geldings allowed 3 pounds; two miles and a half, (22 subscribers;) post entrance of 100 sovereigns each allowed, two-thirds of which go to the second and one-third to the third horse.

Sir J. Hawley's b c Blue Gown, 3 yrs, by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, 103lb ..... Wells 1
Duke of Newcastle's b c Speculum, 3 yrs, by Vedette, out of Doralice, 103lb ..... Kenyon 2
Baron Rothschild's b c Kinz Alfred, 3 yrs, by King Tom, out of Scholar's dam, 103lb ..... Norman 3

Time, 4:38.

WINNERS OF THE ASCOT CUP SINCE ITS COMMENCEMENT.

Year.	Winner.	Age.	Wt.	Year.	Winner.	Age.	Wt.
1807	Master Jackey	3	95	1838	Gray Momus	3	94
1808	Brighton*	4	114	1839	Caravan	5	126
1809	Anderida	4	111	1840	St. Francis	5	126
1810	Lotterer	4	114	1841	Lanercost	6	129
1811	Janette†	5	124	1842	Beeswing	aged	126
1812	Flash	3	94	1843	Ralph	5	126
1813	Lutzen	4	114	1844	The Emperor	3	94
1814	Pranks	5	121	1845	The Emperor (a)	4	117
1815	Aladdin	5	124	1846	Alarm	4	117
1816	Antiopation	4	114	1847	The Hero	4	117
1817	Sir Richard	4	114	1848	The Hero	5	126
1818	Bellville	aged	129	1849	Van Tromp	5	126
1819	Anticipation	aged	129	1850	Flying Dutchman	4	117
1820	Champignon	4	114	1851	Woolwich	5	126
1821	Bankerwalked over	5	241	1852	Joe Miller	3	94
1822	Sir Hildebrand	4	114	1853	Teddington	5	126
1823	Marcellus	4	114	1854	W. Austrailian, (b)	4	117
1824	Bizarre	4	114	1855	Fandango	3	94
1825	Bizarre	5	114	1856	Winkfield	3	126
1826	Chateau Margaux	4	114	1857	Skirmisher	3	126
1827	Memnon	4	134	1858	Fisherman	5	94
1828	Bobadilla	3	91	1859	Fisherman	6	126
1829	Zinganee	4	114	1860	Rupee	5	129
1830	Lucetta	4	111	1861	Thormanby	4	119
1831	Cetus	4	114	1862	Asteroid	4	119
1832	Camarine (‡)	4	111	1863	Buckstone	4	119
1833	Galatea	4	111	1864	Scottish Chief	3	105
1834	Glaucus	4	114	1865	Ely	4	122
1835	Glenroe	4	114	1866	Gladiator	4	122
1836	Touchstone	5	124	1867	Lecturer	4	122
1837	Touchstone	6	129	1868	Blue Gown	3	122

* After a dead heat with Brighton.
† Small Hopes came in first, but was disqualified, his owner having omitted to make stakes.
‡ After a dead heat with Rowton.
a In this year the Emperor's Plate (given by the Czar of Russia) was substituted for for the Ascot Cup.
b In this year the Ascot Cup was re-established, in lieu of the Emperor's Plate.

SAME DAY.—The All Aged Stakes of 25 sovs each, with $230 added; 2 year olds to carry 87lbs; 3 year olds, 119lbs; 4 year olds, 135lbs; 5 yrs old, 130lbs 6 and aged, 141lbs, one mile.

Mr. Bryan's ch h Lanerel, 5 yrs, by Newminster, out of Woodcroft's dam 1
Capt. Machell's ch c Martyr, 2 yrs, by St. Albans, dam Eulogy 2
Lord Jersey's b h Vespasian, 6 yrs, by Newminster, dam Vesta 3

Betting.—Even on Lanerel; 2 to 1 against Martyr; 7 to 1 against Vespasian.

SAME DAY.—St. James Palace Stakes of 10 sovs each, for 3 year olds; one mile; 18 subs.

Marquis of Hastings' b c The Earl, by Young Melbourne, dam Bay Celia, 122lbs 1
Baron Rothschild's b c Restitution, 122lbs 2

Betting.—5 to 4 on The Earl.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

The attendance was large and fashionable. The weather was fine.

The first race was the Alexandra Plate of 1,000 sovereigns, added to a sweepstake of 25 sovereigns each, four year olds to carry 145 lbs; five year olds and upwards, to carry 148 lbs; mares and geldings allowed 4 lbs; with penalties and allowances for winners and non-winners; second to receive 200 sovereigns; and the third 100 sovereigns out of the stakes. Post entrances of 100 sovereigns allowed. One mile, 118 subscribers. It was won by Mr. Chaplin's b s Blinkhoolie, four years old, by Rataplan, out of Queen Mary; Count F. de Lagrange's ch c Trocadero, by Monarque, out of Antonia (bred in France), four years old, was second; and Lord Glasgow's b c by young Melbourne, dam by Jeddington, out of Maid of Masham, 4 years old, was third. Eight horses ran, but the others were not placed. The betting before the race was 2 to 1 against Blinkhoolie, 12 to 1 against Trocadero, and 6 to 1 against Lord Glasgow's colt. The second event was Her Majesty's Plate of 200 guineas; three year olds, 108 lbs; four year olds, 133 lbs; five year olds, 140 lbs, and aged 142 lbs; to start at the new mile starting post, go once round and in, being rather less than three miles, was won by Mr. Salmon's three year old b c Vale Royal, by Stockwell, out of July; Mr. W. Graham's ch f Formosa, by Buccaneer, out of Eller, was second; and Baron Rothschild's b c Restitution, by King Tom, out of Rest's dam, three years old, was third—one other ran, but not placed. The betting before the race was 7 to 1 against Vale Royal, 2 to 1 against Formosa, and even on Restitution against the field.

THE FRENCH DERBY.

Sunday, May 24th, was the date fixed upon for the French Derby, at the Chantilly Spring Meeting, and the weather being fine, the attendance of pleasure seekers was immense. We append details of the event:—

PRIX DU JOCKEY CLUB, OR FRENCH DERBY, of 1,000 sovs, for three year olds; entry 40 sovs, 24th, or 20 if declared; the second to receive 80 sovs; one mile and a half. 66 subs.

M. Schickler's Gunnare, by The Nabob—Bravery, by Gameboy, 8st 6lb ..... Fordham 1
Count de Lagrange's b c Gondolier, 8st 6lb ..... Grimshaw 2
Duke de Fitz-James' ch c Pietro, 8st 6lb ..... C. Pratt 3
M. Bourgat's b c Murillo, 8st 6lb ..... Bartholomew 0
Duke of Hamilton's b c Capitalist, 8st 6lb ..... Aldcroft 0
Duke of Hamilton's b c Gouvernail, 8st 6lb ..... Challoner 0
Count de Lagrange's ch c Le Sapeur, 8st 6lb ..... Mijon 0
M. Cartier's br c, Tiberius, 8st 6lb ..... Kitchener 0
M. Delamarre's b c Predestine, 8st 6lb ..... A. Watkins 0

Betting.—2 to 1 agst Gouvernail, 3 to 1 agst Suzerain, 7 to 2 agst Pietro, 4 to 1 agst Gondolier, 7 to 1 agst Predestine, 20 to 1 each agst Murillo and Capitalist, and 50 to 1 each agst Le Sapeur and Tiberius. A good start was effected, Le Sapeur going to the front, followed by Gouvernail, Pietro, Suzerain, and Tiberius. After the first half mile, Le Sapeur joined Capitalist in the rear, and Pietro moved forward and took the first place; Tiberius had passed Suzerain, and lay alongside of Gouvernail, two lengths behind Duke de Fitz James' horse. On making the turn into the straight, Pietro still held the lead, and at the Chapel Suzerain was on a level with Gouvernail and Tiberius; Gondolier fifth, followed by Predestine and Murillo. Half-way along the cords, Tiberius retired beaten, and Suzerain, coming away, deprived Pietro of the lead; Gondolier also passed Pietro at the stands, but could never quite get up to M. Schickler's horse, who won cleverly by a length; Gondolier beating Pietro for second money by double that distance. Murillo finished fourth and Gouvernail fifth, followed by Predestine, Le Sapeur, Tiberius, and Capitalister, in the order named. *Nett value of the stakes, £2,396.*

AQUATICS.

YACHTING OFF RIKER'S ISLAND.

A sweepstakes race came off on Tuesday, 9th inst., between the following vessels:—Unknown, 23 feet long, owned by C. H. Longstreet; Seaman Raynor, 17 feet, J. Munson; Joseph E. Ebling, 18 feet, O. P. Raynor; Elize, 18 feet, G. W. Gibson; Sophia, 23 feet, A. Gibson; Comet, 18 feet, J. W. Hall—all hailing from Harlem except the last, which belongs in Jersey City. The course was from Riker's Island, around a buoy at College Point, thence around a buoy moored at Clawson Point, to and around a buoy at Throgg's Neck, and back to point of starting—a distance of about twenty miles, open to jib and mainsail boats, 23 feet and under, and two minutes to be allowed to yachts under that length. Entrance fee $25, half forfeit. The weather was far from favorable at the time announced for the commencement of the race, heavy clouds overhanging the heavens and scarcely a breath of air stirring, causing the vessels to move of very lazily, and bringing much disappointment to those who had taken the trouble and braved the threatening dangers of the elements to see the anticipated sport, which didn't come to pass. The Sophia got away in the van, followed by the Comet, but by the time they were abreast of College Point the balance of the vessels had sped away to the fore, the Comet being last. A few minutes before 4 o'clock P. M., the latter having reversed the order of things, turned the buoy at Throgg's Neck, the Sophia coming next, about twenty minutes later, the Raynor, third, and Ebling and Unknown fourth and fifth. the Elize bringing up the rear. Just now the heavens opened and the rain commenced to fall in torrents, drenching the spectators and those engaged in working the craft, while to add to the unpleasantness of the situation, the wind died away and almost a dead calm ensued. As the course was to be sailed over within ten minutes of six hours, all the yachts, save the Comet, gave up the contest, it being apparent that the distance could not be accomplished in the time specified. At this time the Sophia had become entirely unmanageable, her rudder being disabled. The Unknown, Ebling and others were taken in tow by the steam yacht Capt. Bowen and several tugs, and taken back to their moorings. The Comet kept pluckily on her way but failed to make the time, in consequence of which another race is spoken of at an early date, when it is to be hoped that the weather clerk may feel more inclined to act the gentleman.

AMATEUR SCULLING RACE.—Considerable amusement was afforded a select few of the personal friends of the principals, masculine and feminine, by a scull race between a well known Commercial street flour merchant and a prominent Exchange street broker, in the harbor at Portland, Me., on the 8th inst., the forfeits pendent upon the issue being a bottle of Herrick's bitters, one hundred of Cole's tarts and a "champion cup." The dealer in the article from which the staff of life is made proved triumphant and won not only the tarts and bitters, but likewise the smiles and plaudits of the fair on-lookers, which were neither bitter nor tart.

ILLNESS OF ROBERT CHAMBERS.—This once-celebrated British oarsman, the pride of Tyneside, and for a long time the champion sculler of England, has for months past been confined to his bed by a severe spell of sickness, and our latest foreign files speak in very gloomy terms of his case, regarding his recovery as altogether hopeless. Those among us who are acquainted with the record and character of the man, and especially those who have partaken of his hospitality upon the coaly banks of the distant Tyne, will hear of his prostration with sensations of sincerest regret, and breath a fervent hope for his recovery.

DOLPHIN BOAT CLUB.—This club, which is located at the foot of Fifty-first street, North River, have lately erected a new and spacious boat house, and a few days since launched an elegant new six-cared gunwale barge, constructed at the establishment of Ingersoll. She is a beautiful boat, white outside, with a broad gold and narrow crimson stripe, is 35 feet long, 3 feet 4 inches wide and 18 inches deep, and is fitted with Brown's automatic side and 18 inches deep, and is fitted with Brown's automatic side and row-lock. The membership list now includes fifteen names, and the club intend appearing in a new and handsome dress on the 4th of July. The officers are as follows:—President, O. Budenback; Vice President, A. J. Dietz; Secretary, Chas. B. Zachman; Treasurer, G. Bauer. This youthful organization is deserving of every success, and as its members enter into the sport with proper zest, we have no doubt that they will meet with it.

NEW STEAM YACHT.—A handsome little steam pleasure yacht was launched at the wharf of Stephens, Condit & Co., Newark, N. J., on the 5th inst. She was built at the machine shop of Smith & Wright, for the firm of Date & Berry, of Detroit, Mich., and is a screw propeller, 25 feet long, 5 feet breadth of beam, and is fitted with a small but powerful high pressure engine, which will propel her 500 miles on one ton of coal. She is capable of accommodating twenty persons and can be propelled at the rate of six miles per hour.

HUDSON RIVER AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The annual review and opening day of the association, postponed from the 11th inst., in consequence of the inclement weather, will take place, weather permitting, on Wednesday, 17th inst. After being reviewed by Commodore Banks off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N.J., the flotilla will proceed to Pleasant Valley, there to pass the afternoon and twilight hours in a sociable fashion. May naught arise to cause a second disappointment and postponement.

FAST STEAMBOAT TIME.—The officers of the Hudson river steamboat Daniel Drew state that on the downward trip from Albany, on the 9th inst, she made the distance from Yonkers to New York, fourteen miles and a half, in thirty-four minutes and forty-five seconds, with a pressure of thirty-five pounds of steam only. If correct this is extraordinary time, but we opine it may be received with a few grains of allowance.

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL vs. ORIENTAL, OF GREENPOINT.

It was generally expected that the game between these clubs, which was played at the Union Ground, L. I., on the 10th inst, would be sharply contested and well played. But the contrary was the case, and a slower and more uninteresting match we have not witnessed for many a season. In truth, only for the good batting of the Mutuals and their sharp fielding, the contest would have been stripped of all interest. Walters, the new pitcher of the Mutuals, made his bow for the first time, as a member of the New York club. His swift delivery proved very effective, but it was not as well supported in the field as it deserved. The Orientals were decidedly overmatched. In imagining that they could give the Mutuals a close rub, they reckoned without their host. They exhibited great lack of practice, which, in a measure, accounts for the easy manner in which they were defeated. When in good practice the Orientals are capable of playing an excellent game. They presented two new players in Hobby and Wornock, but they did not show to good advantage. A little practice will put them on a par with their more expert *confreres*. Ostrander at left-field, and Edward Holmes as catcher, stand alone as having exhibited play anywhere near the Oriental standard. Pinkham pitched very wildly, and was relieved in one or two innings by Elijah Holmes. The umpire was very easy with the pitchers, and this fact lengthened the game considerably. The full score is given below, including outs on bases and fly catches, in the extra columns.

Oriental.	O.	R.	L.	F.	Mutual.	O.	R.	L.	F.
Ostrandor, lf	4	1	0	2	R. Hunt, c f	2	9	0	3
Pinkham, p	2	3	0	1	Flardy, 2d b	5	5	1	0
Butler, r f	4	0	1	2	Swandel, c	6	3	2	1
Hobby, 2d b	3	2	0	0	C. Hunt, r f	1	8	1	0
E. Holmes, c f	4	1	0	0	Pike, l f	2	8	0	2
Bliss, 1st b	0	2	3	0	Bearman, 1st b	1	8	1	0
Wornock, 2d b	4	0	1	1	Galvin, 3d b	5	4	1	1
Thomas, s s	3	0	2	2	Walters, p	2	6	2	1
Ed. Holmes, c	3	0	1	1	Devyr, s s	3	7	0	1
Totals	27	9	8	9	Totals	27	58	8	9

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Oriental	0	0	2	1	0	0	3

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Edward King,
Neal Gray,
John Mack,
O. B. Collins,
John D. Germon,
Chas. Austin,
Burnell Bunnells,
Wallace Jevene,
Jay Enders,
John Sanford,
Wm. Reeves,
H. F. Shock,
Wm. & Jas. Barlow,
Henry C. Davis,
Harry Richmond,
L. Collins,
Augustine Zanfretta,
Belvin Ryan,
John Sheppard,
E. C. Boeh,
Geo. B. Beach,
Chas. E. Beach,
Sig. Cappello,
Henri Stuart,
Henry B. Hudson,
J. L. Fendall,
Dan Kenn,
B. Porter,
Robert Cutler,
Geo. Eddeson,
W. A. Barrett,
J. E. Jackson,
John L. Sanford,
Frank Campbell,
G. V. M. Ryder,
Joey Pardey,
Lizzie Le Favre,
Madame Scheller,
Ella La Rue,
Mrs. W. L. Ayling,
May Arlington,
Flatlie Sinclair,
Rosa Weber (3),
Emma Miles (2),
Addie Sprague,
Maud St. Leon,
Maggie Mitchell,
Addie Marini,
Nellie Mulholland,
Nellie Barton,
Isadore Odienne,
Alice Loraine,
Lucy Cutler (2),
Blanche Moravia,
Louise Balfour,
Jennie Vernon,
Nellie Thornley,
Ida Morton,
Eliza Newton (2),
Addie Kinsel,
Clara Lang,

Andy Showers,
Chas. Norris,
Geo. W. Fowkes,
L. J. Mestayer,
Frank Skiff,
Felix McDonald,
James H. Butterfield,
Charles Felton,
George Morton,
F. Korbel,
R. O. Cremp,
J. W. Morton,
W. H. Meeker,
C. J. Edmunds,
Robert Jones,
J. C. Wallace,
W. H. Fulmer,
Thomas English,
Francis Hoffman,
Geo. W. Shields,
John Mathews,
George Garrison,
C. Amory Bruce,
Chas Mitchell,
George Miles,
Hernandez Troupe,
B. Macauley,
Harry Duffield,
A. McFarland,
David Keyes,
Harry Lawrencer,
Edmund North,
Harry Mack,
D'Orsey Ogden,
J. Holmes Grover,
Abraham Lockwood,
Martin J. Raymond,
W. H. Gilman,
Joe Mack,
Richard Melville,
John Levantine,
Andrew Sack,
Harry L. Seymour,
William C. Morgan,
M. C. Doriphty,
Harry Slate,
Daniel Murray,
Charles Laiscell,
Chas. Milson,
Smith and Marble,
Ira Holston,
J. H. Myers,
Frank Marshall,
Lon Chapin,
Jim Seavey,
E. T. Stetson (6),
Joseph Withers,
Andrew Sack,
Samuel Monson,
E. A. Mason,
Gussy Straub,
J. C. Gregory,
H. W. Stebbins,
N. B. Shirmer,
Daniel Murray,
L. Sidwell,
Ned Howard,
Little Mack,
A. G. Enos.
Frank Knight,
Geo. W. Smith (2),
D. E. Ralton,
Beaumont Duhring,
E. D. Dougherty,
Chas. Gaylor,
J. A. Sawtell,
Geo. O. Morris,
H. Howard,
Ernest Berriram,
James Sullivan,
M. F. McMahon,
John J. Rung,
Sam Ryan,
Harry Ryner (2),
Geo. Roney,
Ben Yates,
H. L. French,
Geo. Pardey,
Sam Cole,
John V. Bowes,
Harry Robinson,
John M. Keefe,
John Morton,
Henry Gilmore,
J. M. Howes,
Geo. B. Henri,
Mrs. D. R. Allen,
Kate Raymond,
Louise Hastings,
Isabella Hewitt,
Joey Pardey,
Lizzie Le Favre,
Madame Scheller,
Ella La Rue,
Mrs. W. L. Ayling,
May Arlington,
Flatlie Sinclair,
Rosa Weber (3),
Emma Miles (2),
Addie Sprague,
Maud St. Leon,
Maggie Mitchell,
Addie Marini,
Nellie Mulholland,
Nellie Barton,
Isadore Odienne,
Alice Loraine,
Lucy Cutler (2),
Blanche Moravia,
Louise Balfour,
Jennie Vernon,
Nellie Thornley,
Ida Morton,
Eliza Newton (2),
Addie Kinsel,
Clara Lang,

C. H. Lindley,
T. G. Murphy,
J. C. Stockbridge,
Johnny McGraw.
Harry Mortimer (2),
Billy Sweetnam,
M. Ainsley Scott,
A. D. Fitch (2),
Dan Worcester,
Will Lavaka,
O. H. Hess,
A. J. Talbot,
Thomas and Duff,
Felix McDonald,
Art. French's Circus,
Alex. Macalister,
Oliver W. Wren,
Dan Gardner,
Chas. Dickinson,
William Shaw,
La Grange Troupe,
R. J. Shay,
J. W. Johnson,
Walter Sloan,
J. McAllister,
Albert Aymar,
Ed. Lewis,
W. F. Sheldon,
J. J. Kelly,
Billy Vershay,
F. H. Winthrope,
Harry Meach,
Morris Brothers,
Stevens Dramatic Co.
Agt. Spaulding Bros.,
G. A. Ebert,
Andrew Glassford (2),
J. Tannenbaum (2),
Harry Wallace,
L. N. Drew,
James Cummings,
James Walters,
Harry Richmond,
L. Slocum,
Jno. A. Dingess,
James Madigan
R. Willard,
J. B. Murphy,
C. Leslie Allen,
Geo. Cohen,
Edward Volz,
W. A. Gregston,
Thomas W. Tyrrel,
Geo. H. Twombly,
J. B. Hurd,
Chas. E. Roberts,
Lafe Slocum,
C. L. Barclay,
Chas. D. Hanson,
Lorenzo Maya (2),
Lew Donnelly,
E. H. Brink,
L. B. Hurd,
H. J. Mulligan,
Geo. Coes,
John Naylor,
Ivory Lanty,
Abner A. Brady,
Harry St. Leon.
Frank Monford,
Archie McAuly,
Jack Simpson,
Flora Weston,
Dion De Marbelle,
Master Charlie,
Dan Rice,
Robert Jones,
Harry Wall.
Frank Edwards,
Robert Tyrrell,
O. P. Myers,
Harry Lindley,
"Piccolo,"
Hank, the Mason,
Emma Maddern,
Annie Sheffield,
J. M. Andrews,
Pete Walters,
Mary Carter,
Marie Boniface,
Belle De Forrest,
Katie Cormeny,
Nellie Edwards (2),
Marie Macarte,
Minnie Lannier,
Fannie Lewis,
Josephine Groves,
Mrs. C. Thompson,
Julia Royal,
Dollie Ingersoll,
Annetta Gallstl,
Lizzie Anderson,
Annie Levering,
Dora Stone,
Emma Marsh,
Kitty Fyffe,
Frankie McClellan,
Nellie Wheeler,
Alice Harrison,
Louisa P. Wray,
Mrs C. Leslie Allen,
May Fiske,
Virginia Howard (2),
Violet Campbell,
Lizzie Davis,
Alice May.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to havethem appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, June 15, 1868.

WERE you ever a strolling player, good reader? Did you ever absent yourself from your cruel parents' domestic fireside to follow the uncertain fortunes of a company of play actors, bent on a mission of making money and contributing to the entertainment of those persons of rural proclivities who have a habitation, if not a name, in villages, towns and places where cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes and yellow-haired children form the chief articles of trade and commerce? If you have, you know all about the trials and tribulations, the hair-breadth escapes, by land and ditch, from the rapacious grasp of those half-soled landlords who do not consider the honor sufficient remuneration for the entertainment of man and beast connected with a traveling troupe of histrions. If you have *not* been through the uncertain ordeal, you have missed a great deal of fun, if not rations. We've been there, and though "fond memory brings to light" much that it is not desirable to remember, the retrospect is pleasing in many particulars, and calls up "days that have as happy been" as any ever enjoyed by the cheeriest fish vender in Catharine market, where "niggers" were wont to assemble on the Sabbath day and go through the mazes of the jig for messes of unskinned eels. Though we enjoyed strolling life by the way, we were never a great success as a strollist of the first water, and parental inducements compelled us to leave the devious tracks of an itinerant life and join Sunday School on probation. That we are not there now instead of running a sporting and theatrical newspaper is not the fault of the school, for they neither kept the CLIPPER on file there, nor was the play house preached up to us as a healthy institution. *Au contraire*, as we say in French, the case was otherwise—the good people talked so much *against* such "sinful amusements" that they set us vicious youth a hankering after a sight and taste of them; and as we found them much better than they had been represented, we "lied to 'em," unconscious like, and have ever since enjoyed "those scenes so charming" with as much gusto as 400's fellers enjoy their clam chowder on a hot summer's day. "We are led to these remarks," to use a stereotyped phrase, by the perusal of the experiences of another man, a "valued contributor," who writes us some amusing reminiscences of his experiences as a strolling player, in the days when many, who are now the leading lights of the stage, were making their crysalis from amateurs into full fledged actors, and going about in lumbering wagons from one point to another for the delectation of rustic audiences. In the course of one of my professional tours, he says, the company of which I was a member made a stoppage at Newark to astonish the Jerseyans. Our wardrobe, properties and scenery were not splendid enough, and the prospect of success in a place so straight-laced as Newark was none too encouraging; but there was an excellent hall available at reasonable charges, so there, to speak metaphorically, we camped. A well filled hall rewarded this bit of enterprise. The bill included three acts of "Othello," dramatic readings, "living statues," and a farce. Among our *corps* was one, who is at present widely celebrated as a mirth provoking low comedian, who then persisted in regarding himself as destined to inherit the mantle of Kean. As an additional attraction it was announced that a young gentleman of Newark would that night make his first appearance on any stage in the character of Othello, to the lago of Dick ——, the person of aspiring soul here alluded to. The tragedy went off somewhat heavily, although there was plenty of roaring and ranting, you may be sure. The noble Moor, who had come to the theatre letter perfect, was the victim of a terrible fit of stage fright, which seemed to drive his lines clean out of his head. As a specimen I quote his delivery of the pathetic farewell:—

O! now farewell the tranquil mind,
Farewell content—ha, hum—
Pride, pomps and circumstances—glorious—hum—war—
The counterfeit of immortal Jove's dread—h'm
Dread—dread—m, 'm, 'm—
Spirit stirring fife and ear piercing drums—
The plumed troops and big wars
Er-r—that make it virtuous to be ambitious—
O! now, farewell, *(sob and rattle in throat)*—
Othello's occupation's gone!

The audience was one of that class of assemblages that are called "good natured." In fact so good natured that they laughed consumedly all the way through. The reading of a speech from the "Gladiator" came next, Spartacus, Mr. Dick ——. Our friend Dick was in his element and gave us Forrest in his most muscular style. But there were no short skirts of the Gladiator pattern in the wardrobe, and Dick was fain to be content with a frock, or brief tunic, the sleeves and upper part of which he tucked under, below the waistband. He had not got off more than four or five lines when his ears were horrified by an explosion of laughter from all parts of the house. He threw in a little more energy, and stamped and attitudinized with increasing vigor, but every motion only convulsed the spectators the more. Dick became angry, and yelled and shook his Roman sword with vehemence, but the laughter continued. Having exhausted his patience he suddenly came forward to the footlights, and, flourishing his sword menacingly at the audience, exclaimed, in the style of Mose:—"Ladies and gentlemen; you have had a sample of Ned Forrest and Booth. If any of you will just step up here a minute I'll see if I can't give you a taste of Tom Hyer." Some one here pointed to his legs, when Dick, to his dismay, found that the arms of his dress had fallen down, creating by their movement, as he struck each attitude, an additional outburst of merriment. The next manifestation of the audience was a curious one; they were all taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and at the same moment a fearful sickening odor arose and filled the hall, which speedily cleared it. It was then ascertained that some scamps had sprinkled quantities of pepper on the floors, and placed upon the stove a handful of assafœtida. Here our Othello proved to be in a fix. His dresser had procured for him a paper of powdered vermilion, with which he had undertaken to paint the complexion of the dusky Moor. The properties of this commodity are well known; once rubbed on the skin it is impossible to eradicate it, and our hero had been scrubbing all night, and did scrub until daylight, without making the slightest impression. As the performance for the following day before his employer with a head the counterpart of a peony, and was forthwith discharged. Considering themselves affronted, a party of indignant cits next morning invaded the hotel where we lodged, and drove us from floor to floor until the garret was gained. Here we made a stand, and from our Thermopylæ launched a storm of broken furniture, damaged crockery and the usual miscellaneous *debris* of a lumber room, concluding by hurling a huge stove down stairs at our assailants. The arrival of a *posse* of constables put an end to the disturbance. Our strolling days! Who that has ever gone through a theatrical apprenticeship can forget them? But the subject renders us poetic, so here goes for a reminiscence of

THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT STROLLING.

O, the days when we a strolling went,
A long time ago,
Were certainly the happiest
We're ever like to know;
We wandered then from town to town,
Though short of grub and cash,
Contented if before the lights
They'd let us cut a dash.
We made them melt at Hamlet's woes,
And bade their bosoms glow,
In the days when we a strolling went,
A long time ago.
Our hearts were light though oft our plight
Was not to be desired,
A hand or two set all things right,
And oft we were admired,
When as the Moor or Romeo eke
We held their hearts in thrall,
Or as gay Rover bade them laugh,
And charmed them one and all.
The way we made the mopuses
Diffuse was oft not slow,
In the days when we a strolling went,
A long time ago.
Full many a buxom country lass
Entranced us with her smiles,
And oglied us behind her fan
With Cupid's witching wiles;
We "slung" the sparkling festive glass
And drank to friendships true,
And oft the conscious tear would start
At bidding us adieu.
We careless lived and laughed and sang,
While wine and wit would flow,
In the days when we a strolling went,
A long time ago.

We can never forget the drama, nor lose sight of the days of its infancy, of its crude exponents, its barn like "temples," Great theatre of histrions all hail—to us you never can grow stale; we'll ne'er forget the juvenile delight we felt when entering there on gala night. We hope and pray you'll ne'er grow one whit less in romance, grandeur or *politesse*; for, truth to tell, without a bit of sham, we still adore the fiercest melodram—the ugly villain, who's all blood and thunder; the daring hero, who's a fighting wonder; the comic man, all jollity and life, or singing soubrette who becomes his wife; the heroine, "who'd rather die than wed" the rich old man her grasping father said she *must*, *she shall* be his'n, or be immured in cold and slimy prison; the loved old uncle, so benignly good; the thunder, lightning, and the haunted wood; the broad-sword combat midst the red fire's glow, and last of all the final grand tableau. They all come back whene'er we chance to view a real old melo drama brought out anew, and make o'er us a sweet sensation steal we can't express but yet delight to feel.....We are glad to find that our American Helen is a greater attraction than she who puts on so many French airs, and that the Worrell Sisters' burlesque outlives the Bateman play. In this connection it may not be considered out of place if we congratulate the three graces on their success, and indite

A TRIBUTE TO LA BELLE SOPHIE.

[Miss S-ph-ie W-rr-ll having fallen asleep on a lounge while studying a new part, the Muse of comedy appears to her.]

THALIA.—Favored of Thespas, hail!
LADY.— O, bother!
I've a long part to study; call again.
THALIA.—Business is urgent—fix it now I'd rather, I must be off by the next Erie train.
LADY.—Be quick, then. Briefly, then, among the muses
Your skill in guying popular abuses
Creates such general admiration
That, as a me token of the approbation
Of those who Mount Olympus still do dwell on,
I am commissioned to seek out young Helen
And to present this gift; nay, pray don't tear it,
It's not a string of verses. (*Hands paper in envelop*).
LADY.— Glad! for, wore it,
It should the fate of many such partake.
THALIA.—And now, ma'am, I must rapid *congee* make.
Go on, young woman, if you persevere,
For what's hereafter you have naught to fear.

Thalia disappears.

Lady awakes and opens envelope:
What's this?—Methought that, as I dozing lay,
A youth, attired as Thalia was, they say,
Knelt and these lines impulsive tendered me,—
Umph! don't look like verse. Zooks! it's a *Legacy*,
Not of the Niblo's sort, but *bona fide*;
Houses and lots and cash, carriage to ride,
The very temple where I hold my court;
This is rare sport.
Hark! here are my courtiers; they have heard the news
And come in sudden haste to kiss my shoes.
Enter ORESTER *(Young Docsticks) and a party of courtiers. Sings:*

It's with these charming creatures that we
Make our papa's money fly,
Papa cares not long as others
Still flock in his stocks to buy.
Money's plenty—all is lovely,
And the fabled goose hangs high.
Tra-la-la, etc.

PARIS, *entering, sings:*—
On Mount Ida once the gods
Quarreled to contest
Which of three fair princesses
Smartest was and best.
Oh, how these fair young goddesses
Bewilder us poor boys,
And with their graces cheat our wits,
The dear, delightful toys.

HELEN, *entering:*—
With your airs and your graces
And musiachlod faces,
All smirks and grimaces,
You can't gammon me;
Know, the gods who foretended
My cause have befriended
And have just now extended
This rich legacy.

Enter other suitors, who immediately engage in a wrangle, which had not terminated when our Asmodeus left the scene.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" is the singular title that Mr. Daly has given to his new sensational play which was produced at the Broadway Theatre on the 10th inst., the plot of which is as follows:—The play opens in New York city, at the residence of Garry Fallon (John Jack), a retired porter, who has acquired wealth and lives in Greenwich street. We are first introduced to Mrs. Fallon (Mrs. Gilbert), a charitable lady, and Ann (Ella Turner), a domestic. A party of emigrants, Mr. and Mrs. Dowdery (Harry Murdoch and Amelia Harris) and three children, seek food; having received which they are about to depart, when Fallon, who is extremely quarrelsome and of a tyrannical disposition, appears and seeing beggars in his house, orders them out. He has two daughters, Rose (Kitty Blanchard) and Bessie (Blanche Grey). The former has been brought up at a boarding school in true fashion's style, while the latter has been kept home and made nothing of by Pa, while upon Rose he lavishes presents. In the first act Fallon purchases a gold chain for Rose, who is about returning home on a visit. The chain is placed in a box in an attic room to be occupied by Rose, who soon after arrives, accompanied by Fred. Chauncey (McKee Rankin), son of a rich man, who is in love with Rose. George Ryver (J. K. Mortimer), a good hearted New York boy, but who is a little rough, having aspired to the hand of Bessie and having been refused by the father, returns from the Pacific Railroad, where he has been to acquire wealth, and claims the hand of Bessie, but he returns very little richer than when he left. He sees Bessie and is received rather coolly, which maddens him so that he rushes up stairs into Rose's attic room and jumps from the window (which, we are informed, is thirty feet from the ground). All this time a fearful storm is raging without, accompanied by flashes of lightning. All the family reappear on the scene and Rose claims her present from her father, who rushes up stairs for it and finds it gone. He questions Bessie about it, who equivocates, fearing to tell that Ryver had been there, and her father charges her with the theft, and orders her to leave his house. Mr. Skiffley (James Carden) a rejected suitor of Bessie, has just been made detective officer, and for revenge and the hope of ultimately getting her, seeks her out while she is looking for Ryver, and by the assistance of two street boy musicians lures her to a den called a night cellar for the purpose of arresting her. By accident Ryver has brought up at this same dive, and when an attempt is made to arrest her by the police a portion of the spiral stair case is broken away, preventing the descent of the police and the curtain falls. The third act represents one of the Hudson River boats about leaving for Albany, and Bessie has been persuaded by her mother to go to some relatives in Albany, in order to fly from her father's anger. Chauncey and Rose are also about to elope and are on the same boat, but finding her baggage has been taken on the opposition boat, she goes in search of it and is carried up the Hudson on one boat, while Chauncey is on the other with Bessie, and Ryver is engineer on the latter boat. Skiffley, who has already assumed the disguise of a vender of oranges as the wharf, is now on the boat with Bessie, disguised as an old man. Ryver and Chauncey meet and have a lively set-to, but are separated. Skiffley throws off his disguise, knocks at Bessie's stateroom door, seizes her, and removes her to an adjoiding stateroom where he ties her to a *bed post*, rather an uncommon article on a river steamboat. Skiffley goes on deck and is recognized by Ryver, and the latter throws him overboard, when the curtain falls. During this act two steamboats are supposed to be represented on the stage, and an apology for a panoramic is exhibited. Act four represents the furnace room of the steamer and quite an excitement takes place, as the steamers are racing, and presently the boat is found to be on fire. Ryver rushes to rescue Bessie, and the last scene shows the burning steamer with Ryver rescuing Bessie, carrying her through the flames. The last scene is the attic room, which has not been disturbed since the day the chain was missed. The family assemble, also a number of policemen and Skiffley to discover if possible how the chain was taken. After a while it is discovered that the lightning entered the attic room, broke a bell wire, knocked down a picture and scattered the gold chain into a coal scuttle where it was found among the coal. Everything is then explained, and old Fallon's heart is softened. Chauncey has already married Rose, while Bessie is given to Ryver, and the curtain drops on the last scene of all at twelve o'clock. Judging by the first performance we cannot call it success, nor do we believe it will in its present form enjoy a run, certainly nothing in comparison with "Under the Gaslight." In the first place the piece, no matter how good it may have been, would be damned by the cheap manner in which it has been placed upon the stage at this establishment. The first and second acts opened very good, indeed, and the Night Cellar in the second act, one of the most effective acts we have yet seen, was only fairly done. The situations in this act are original and very clever, and the author did all he could, but the management did little or nothing to carry out his ideas. The third act, which is the steamboat scene, was good, but from this to the close the whole thing was stale, flat and unprofitable. All interest was lost, and had the balance of the play, except the *denouement*, been omitted it would have been better for all hands. The attempt to represent two steamboats was one of the greatest failures we have yet seen. While one represented a board fence the other looked more like a raft than anything else. All attempts but one to introduce a panorama in a piece have failed, and no one has been so successful in the representation of a burning steamboat as Barnicault in this "Octoroon," all other attempts having proved disastrous failures. The panorama exhibited reminded us of a conglomeration of old scenery gathered together. If more care had been taken in the production of this piece, and a great deal more money expended in placing it upon the stage in a proper manner, it might, with a slight alteration, have been a success, which it was not the first night, and the attendance was not large, as there were a number of unoccupied seats and plenty of standing room. Kitty Blanchard made her *debut* in this city on this occasion on the stage of a regular theatre. She is a clever walking lady, but has a great deal to learn in her business. Amelia Harris appeared to advantage as Mrs. Dowdery. Mr. Carden had the leading character in the piece, but he failed to do it justice. Mr. Mortimer should have been cast for it instead of Ryver, which he played very well for the first two acts, after which he was so full—of love for Bessie that he became careless. McKee Rankin looked and acted the part of Chauncey to the evident satisfaction of all. With the exception of requiring the aid of the prompter, the rest of the characters were well played.

"LA BELLE L. N.," the latest production in the way of a burlesque at Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, is decidedly the best thing yet offered by this company. As a burlesque, it is the best of the two of that opera *bouffe* of Offenbach's. It has been written to suit the times and is full of local hits and topics of the present day. The dresses are all very handsome, and strange to say in a minstrel hall burlesque, in perfect keeping with the requirements of the piece. Leon dresses and looks very well as Helen. The initial performance of this burlesque, which was given on the 8th inst., was also the reappearance of Edwin Kelly, as Paris. His reception was one of the most enthusiastic we ever heard, equalling that accorded any great artist on the regular theatrical boards. A great many bouquets were thrown him and the applause was kept up for several minutes. All through his performance he was heartily applauded and at the close of the burlesque called before the curtain, when he made a brief speech, thanking a densely crowded audience for the kind reception awarded him. S. S. Purdy, as Arrest-us, was very good indeed, and sang the music cleverly. Brockway, as Money-less, was also good as was his make-up. The rest of the characters were well enacted. The choruses were equal to anything of the kind we have ever heard. In addition to the company and the chorus previously engaged there were seven chorus boys from the leading choirs of the city, whose soprano voices lent an additional attraction to the piece. "La Bell L. N." is the best burlesque yet offered by the company, and ought to enjoy a long run, for it is magnificently placed upon the stage as regards scenery and general appointments, and the costumes are very handsome. The company at present engaged here is the largest ever before seen in a minstrel hall in this country. There are nineteen performers besides a pianist in the first part. Prof. Zaulig is deserving of great praise for the assistance he has afforded in the production of this burlesque. He has collected around him a charming orchestra, and, as has been proved, is capable of mastering the most difficult music of Offenbach, the original of which is given in this piece. Business was great all the past week, the house being crowded every night.

WATTY WALLACK made his bow in this country at Irving Hall on the 9th inst., in his entertainment called "All the Year Round," in which he impersonates twenty different characters with a quick change of costume. Mr. Wallack was the only one who appeared, and for two hours did he strive to entertain his auditors. Unfortunately for him, his style of business had been done here by Mr. Lingard at the Theatre Comique, and Mr. Wallack suffered by comparison. Mr. W. made a great mistake in not having better informed himself as to the style of entertainment suitable to an American audience. It is a very trying situation for any one man to place himself in when he starts out alone and unaided to amuse an audience for the entire evening. Previous to his commencing with the changes, he indulged in a long and terribly tedious discourse upon what amounted to nearly nothing. Although his changes were made quickly, they were not equal to those of Mr. Lingard, nor did he in a single impersonation appear to the same advantage, or impress his audience so favorably. Two great mistakes Mr. Wallack made, first by indulging in so long a preface to each characterization; and when in character he was altogether too proxy. Instead of boring his audience, he should have spoken a few words and then made a change, instead of which, he in several instances delivered a speech nearly as long as some Fourth of July orations we have heard. Then, again, when he sang he gave from four to five stanzas, which sorely tried the patience of his hearers. Did he possess a musical voice, there might be some excuse for this; but his singing was very *outre*. His change to female attire was but a change in dress only, for his voice is such that it cannot be made to sound the least effeminate. He is troubled with a lisp and all his words that end with an "r" are given in a prolonged hissing style, which sounds too much like affectation to be agreeable. His last character was that of George Washington, who, we are informed, was the "Founder of the Union." Mr. Wallack was not greeted with a large audience on his *debut*, and during the week he appeared to still smaller audiences.

THE LOT OF GROUND lately occupied by Barnum's Museum on Broadway, above Spring street, was sold at auction on the 10th inst. The property was in the hands of trustees, and was directed to be sold without reserve. The auctioneer also announced that the property was mortgaged to the amount of $350,000, of which $80,000 could be paid off at once by the purchaser, if he desired. The first bid for the property was $400,000, from which it was slowly run up to $432,000, and, at that price, was knocked down to Mr. Peter Gilsey.

THE WEBB SISTERS sailed from California on May 30th, instead of the 22d, as intended, and will arrive here about the 20th inst. Ada will, shortly after her arrival, be united in marriage to Mr. John Skey, a wealthy gentleman of San Francisco, and retires from the stage; her sister Emma also retires.

MANAGER DE POL informs us that he has received a telegram from Milan announcing the intended departure from Havre, on the first day of July, for this city, of the *premiers danseuses* M'lle Rosalia Avanyvary, Emma Micci, Amalia Morosino and Pia Scotti; the renowned male dancer of the French school, Sig. P. Martinelli, and the *ballet* master and composer from Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Mons. Ricardo Moragas. All of these artists, added to the bright stars Blasina and Croce, and that beautiful couple, Tassani and Coradina, will form a striking combination that will perform in New York during the fall.

"THE MODEL THEATRE of the country," as some critics delight in styling Wallack's establishment, is now in competition with the old Bowery in the production of the blood and thunder drama. On Monday evening, June 8th, John Brougham's "Lottery of Life" was revealed to the theatre going public of this city for the first time. This odd mixture, when presented in Philadelphia, attracted large audiences for a couple of weeks, but what the author of the piece and manager of the Walnut Street Theatre gained in a financial way was at the cost of Mr. Brougham's well-earned reputation as a writer. It was pronounced by the press as the poorest play ever written by that gentleman, and when, on a second engagement in the same city, Mr. Brougham gave a series of performances, his "Lottery of Life" had so injured him in public estimation that he played to a succession of bad business, even with his droll old comedies—the public associating the miserable twaddle and red-fire stuff of his "Lottery of Life" with his well-written "Playing with Fire," "O'Donnell's Mission," etc., and it is a doubtful question whether Mr B. will ever regain his popularity in that city. Wallack's has given this low-life play in good style, and quite a number of the old *habitues* of the theatre have found themselves sandwiched between the original Mackerelvillian and the pure and unadulterated Bowery graduate, the audiences presenting as odd a mixture as the play itself. For good houses at the commencement will not compensate Mr. Brougham for his loss of repute as a writer, and the slim audiences which are sure to follow will tend to show the manager of the "model theatre" that his summer policy is a losing game all round. Miss Effie Germon, from the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, made a favorable impression in the character of the wife of Terry, the Swell. But the Bowery theatres get up these sort of plays in much better style than Wallack's.

THE REJUVENATION of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre takes place this evening, on the occasion of its one hundred and ninth performance. New tricks, scenery, transformations, comicalities, costumes, *ballets*, music, songs and a new drop curtain constitute the changes. Business continues first rate, the attendance having been quite large every night the past week, as well as on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. From present appearances it bids fair to run through the summer season.

THE LAST NIGHTS of the "White Fawn" are drawing near, as it has only four weeks more, when it will be shelved. The last *matinee* is announced for Saturday afternoon, the 20th inst., so all who wish to have the younger branches of the family see this spectacle should avail themselves of this opportunity. Preparations have already commenced at this house for the production of the Opera Bouffes by Bateman's troupe.

JOE BROWN, the versatile comedian and dancer, was not allowed to remain idle long, for he has been secured by the San Francisco Minstrels, and appears with that company this evening. The laughable shadow pantomime, previously given by this company with much success, is revived this evening.

THE WORRELL SISTERS find their burlesque of "Paris and Helen" so attractive that it would be "Too Much for Good Nature" to expect them to withdraw it in the midst of a successful run. Leffingwell continues to afford considerable amusement by his impersonation of Romeo and Jaffer Jenkins.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS sailed for Paris on the 13th inst.

A SHAKESPEARE CLUB is to be organized in this city, the object of which is the proper observation of the anniversary of the birth of the great poet.

THE FESTIVAL which was to have taken place at Jones' Wood on the evening of the 12th inst., under the auspices of the Liederkranz, in honor of the singer delegations from Germany to the Chicago Sængerfest, did not take place in consequence of the unfavorable weather.

E. EDDY, an old Bowery favorite, opened the Stadt Theatre under his management on the 8th inst., for a brief summer season, with a new drama entitled, "The Phantom Captain," written by Fred A. Schwab. It is one of those pieces well calculated to show off Mr. Eddy, as it is replete with excellent situations. Mr. Eddy, who was heartily welcomed by a crowded house and called out at the close of each act, had to make a speech before leaving. He was very well supported by Mrs. D. Myron, who is one of the most finished and correct actresses we have seen on the east side for some time. The "Phantom Captain" was well placed upon the stage and kept the boards to good business until the 12th inst., when a novel entertainment was offered, consisting of "Damon and Pythias," with Messrs. Eddy, E. L. Tilton and J. B. Studley in the *roles* of Damon and Pythias, a change being made in the cast of the two leading characters for each act.

A HEADLESS ROOSTER is a novel sight, and such a one is now on exhibition at 512 Broadway, next door to the Theatre Comique. We are informed that it is now three months since the head was ruthlessly removed, since which time he has been fed with a quill, the crop filled with corn by a stick and water given him with a syringe. It is a startling freak of nature and well worth seeing.

"THE SONS OF LIBERTY," a drama of the Fenian order, was produced at the Old Bowery Theatre the past week. It was written by Robert Johnston, who appeared as Wild Rooney, to the Col. Connolly of George Boniface and Tim of Nellie Germon. The two sensational scenes of the drama were a view of Niagara Falls, and a railroad bridge. The bridge consisted of rough plank run across the stage at a height of ten or twelve feet from the stage, and Mary O'Donnel (Mrs. Jones) and Col. Connolly (Boniface) who happen to be on the bridge, and hearing the approach of the train, let themselves down, and hang suspended in the air until the train passes and the curtain falls. It was a perfectly worked up scene and was heartily applauded. W. H. Whalley appeared during the week in "Paul Clifford."

MR. AND MRS. J. J. PRIOR, the former's forte leading heavy and character, the latter's leading lady, are prepared to make engagements, either together or singly. For particulars read their card in our advertising columns.

LOWELL AND SIMMONS continue in favor with managers and professionals, judging by the large number of parties booked with them. With the approach of warm weather a large number of professionals come to the city to become fixed for the fall season, and this firm have some of the oldest managers in the business for whom they transact business; performers will find it to their advantage to drop in at the headquarters of this firm. Managers looking for talent will also find ladies and gentlemen for every line of business

THE WORRELL SISTERS will close their season about the latter part of July. The new burlesque of the "Grand Duchess" by Ben Baker will be produced on the 17th inst., with Sophie as the Duchess, Irene as Wanda and Jennie as Prince Paul.

THE BRITANNIA produced this week a new burlesque called "Broome's Lottery of Life," also a burlesque on Lingard the London Comic. On Saturday evening, the 13th inst., at the close of the performance the long benches were removed from the orchestra and chairs similar to those used at Niblo's substituted.

MISS GRACE DARLEY, *comedienne* and burlesque actress, has arrived from California, but will shortly return. She had a severe attack of Panama fever and was not expected to live, but has entirely recovered.

THE NELSON BROTHERS put in an appearance at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. The present is the last week but one of the season.

HARRY SANDERSON, having returned from Europe, gives a concert at Irving Hall on the 22d inst.

LOGRENIA and his troupe of trained birds, cats and mice appear at the Theatre Comique this evening; also Sam Devere, banjoist. Josh Hart and F. Williams will continue their representation of the burlesque on Lingard. Josh Hart does "Captain Jinks," the "Guinea Pig Boy," "Bitter Beer," and "On the Beach at Long Branch," in all of which he is very successful. He has got Lingard's walk, business and style of singing down to a dot, and is not only very good indeed but more successful in the imitations than any one we have yet seen. Mr. Williams is not so fortunate. He does not in the slightest manner imitate Mr. Lingard and his impersonations of "Walking Down Broadway," "As thro' the Park" and "Old Hats" are very commonplace.

THE BENEFIT which took place at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of the 8th inst., for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, was a great success. The Academy was crowded and the receipts were over one thousand dollars.

THOMPSON AND RIGGS, the head and front of the Cosmopolitan Agency at 189 Bowery, are making their mark in the business and are enjoying a good run of traffic with managers and profession. They make a specialty of purchasing goods of every description for parties out of the city.

MISS KATE RANKIN has returned to this city from a star engagement at Baltimore, where she appeared as Lady Gay Spanker, Kate Hardcastle and in other characters.

Dramatic.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is now in its fourth week at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and some changes in the dances are announced.

STUART ROBSON is up for a benefit at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, June 20th.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON and "Rip Van Winkle" are still the attractions at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The attendance during the past week was not so good as on the opening week, the "worms"—with which that city is infested—and the storms tending to keep many people at home.

MADAME RISTORI gave several farewell performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, during the past week, to very slim audiences. The final farewell of the Quakers was taken on the afternoon of the 13th.

ANDREW GLASSFORD'S DRAMATIC TROUPE gave two entertainments at Millersburgh, Pa., on the 10th and 11th, producing "The Poachers" and "Irish Cobbler."

A. W. DAVIS, whose specialities are second low comedy and second old men, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

T. CHARLES HOWARD appears to have struck "Ile" in the provinces. A correspondent, under date of June 10th says:—"Mr. Howard opened in Halifax the first week in June with a first class dramatic company, and has done a splendid business. A company has also been formed in Halifax to build him a new theatre, and work will commence in about a month. Mr. Howard has made arrangements to remain in Halifax nearly all the summer season. Manager Howard, has, after a year of hard work, hoping against hope, made a success. Frank Roche made a great hit, and Mrs. D. R. Allen is one of the best actresses ever seen in this city. Manager Howard has a fine scenic artist attached to the company, who gets up everything new, and in consequence has a great amount of stuff which other managers have not, and although expensive, enables him to put pieces on the stage in such style that it would be useless for a poorer traveling company to follow him."

MARY H. CRAMER died on May 30th, of congestion of the lungs, at her daughter's residence, Morrisania, N. Y., and was buried on June 4th, at Bensonia Cemetery. Her maiden name was M. E. Poole; she was born in London, Eng., in 1803, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1831, at the Surrey Theatre, London, Eng., as Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger;" appeared at Drury Lane Oct. 1st, 1834, as Charlotte, in "The Hypocrite." Made her *debut* on the American stage in 1837, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, as Lady Teazle. First appeared in New York in June, 1838, at the Park Theatre, as Julia, in "The Hunchback." First appeared in Philadelphia November 26th, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Mrs. Haller. She then confined herself to the Western theatres for a number of seasons, and on the 9th of April, 1849, appeared at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as the Queen, in "Richard the Third." Retired from the stage in 1855, since which time she has been cared for by the Dramatic Fund Association. Her last appearance on the stage was at Wallack's Old Theatre, during the season of 185?.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE closed their third and last week at the National

Prairie du Chien, Wis., 24th and 26th; Madison, Wis., 27th; Beloit, Wis., 29th; Freeport, Ill., 30th; Rockford, Ill., July 1st; Elgin, Ill., 2d, after which they take their usual summer vacation on their farm near Niles, Mich. Business is said to have been good all the season. They will be on the road again by September 1.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS.—The city officials of Boston have given the preference to this company, to give entertainments at Music Hall on the 4th of July, upon which occasion they will be assisted by the "big organ." They performed last Fourth at the above hall, and their concerts were pronounced the best of the kind ever given there.

NEWHARD & CO.'S SEMINOLE INDIAN COMPANY, fifteen in number, opened at the Olympic Theatre, New Orleans, on the 11th of June, for a few nights, and were to go thence up the Mississippi river to Cairo, stopping at all the places of note; then up the Ohio to Pittsburgh. H. W. Barbour is their business agent.

DR. T. SIMS lectures six nights, commencing on the 8th inst., in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on "Physiognomy, or Nature, Mind and Beauty."

WARWICK'S panorama of California exhibited in Yonkers, N. Y., on the 11th inst., and remained three days.

THE FUSI-YAMI JAPANESE TROUPE, under the management of J. C. Wilder, gave four entertainments in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on the 4th, 5th and 6th, to about $1,200. The Japs took the city by storm, and they are credited with giving the best entertainment of the kind ever witnessed in that country. Mr. Wilder published a card in the papers while there stating that Ingersoll Hall is now the best ventilated and the best lighted hall for stage effects he ever saw. The company went thence to Minneapolis, thence down the river as far as Dubuque, and westward to Omaha.

OLIVE LOGAN becomes "Stage Struck" in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on June 16th.

THE PEAK BELL RINGERS, under the direction of Wm. Peak, Jr., are to be in St. Paul, Minn., on the 17th and 18th.

SOPHIE GETZ, the "Baby Woman," is on exhibition for one week at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago.

M. JOHN DENIER and his combination performed in Fox Lake, Wis., on the 8th; Cambia, 9th and 10th, and Portage City, 11th. Em. Hall does a song and dance, Tom Coleman, comedian, and John Denier does a rope ascension.

PROF. HANS LEE, magician, gave performances in Fayetteville, N. C., on the 3d, 4th and 5th.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION appeared in Milwaukee, Wis., on June 8th and 9th, and on the 10th gave a *matinee* for the benefit of the schools.

SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXALS performed in Milwaukee, Wis., on June 5th and 6th to rather poor business, owing to its being the second visit of the Quincuplexals to that city in a few weeks.

OLIVE LOGAN, as "stage-struck" as ever, was, at last accounts, delighting the Iowalans with her theatrical lecture, and wending her way gracefully and pleasantly up the Mississippi. On June 1st she was in Dubuque, where she was to lecture for the Young Men's Association; going thence to St. Paul, Minn., and opening at Ingersoll Hall for a night or two under the management of Ossian E. Dodge. Olive Logan's permanent address, as may be seen by her advertisement, is at 264 Pearl street, this city, care of the Authors' Union.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS—Berger family party—showed at Dubuque, Iowa, on June 6, to a good house. This family has the novelty of a band wagon which drives about the streets *a la circus*, and makes quite a sensation. The performance is mostly by juveniles.

SCOTT'S VARIETY TROUPE, consisting of Prof. Norma, Leicester Brothers, Alonzo Le Vernon, Mlle. Luella, Van Buren, Claud Clawson, Charles Leicester and Harry Scott, are traveling through Ohio under canvas, and were to be at Lodi on the 10th inst.

OLIVE LOGAN lectured for the benefit of the Baptist Church, in Monmouth, Ill., on June 5. The deacons were out in full force and evidently enjoyed seeing a handsome actress serving the cause of religion so heartily.

"THAT HUMOROUS WATSON," comic vocalist, is about starting out on his summer campaign. He performs this week at South Reading, Mass., North Danvers and Danvers Port.

MASON'S HALL, Gloversville, N. Y., a new structure and well fitted up, with a seating capacity of eight hundred, is advertised to rent or for sale by J. J. Mason.

HARRY N. RIVERS, JR., a youth of nineteen summers, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a position as ticket or advertising agent.

A DWARF is wanted by two gentlemen to accompany them on a pleasure trip. Read E. F. Babbige's card in our advertising columns.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY opened at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 8th and closed on the 13th, after six nights of good business considering the stormy nights they had to contend with. Our correspondent says:—"They gave six evening performances and one *matinee*, presenting the pantomimes of "Hickity Pickity My Black Hen," "Nicodemus and Vol-au-Vent," with James Maffitt, the celebrated pantomimist in each. Previous to the pantomime an olio entertainment was given each night, in which Carrie Prescott and Ada Farewell did an Irish kilt, Sig. Constantine, and Eveline Lehman in fancy dances, the Snow Brothers in classical groupings, Maffit and Bartholomew in a wooden shoe dance, and W. B. Harrison extemporaneous songs, replete with local hits, which took immensely. This company dedicates the new Hall in Woonsocket, R. I., on the 15th inst., and remains four nights. The company go thence to Newport."

THE MAGIC MACEDONIAN OIL CHARIOT, now traveling through Ohio and Pennsylvania, is drawn by four matched span of horses, and a concert troupe composed of Geo Wallace, organist and balladist; Tony Malin, flutist; Burdsall, violinist, assisted in singing by Seefer and Jack Kitch. Dr. Ingraham and Dr. Raymond, lecturers.

J. H. WADSWORTH, orchestra leader, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a posish.

PROF. ROBERTS' TABLEAU and "Dissolving Views" exhibited at Mount Hall, Cincinnati, for four days, commencing on the 11th inst.

A COMPANY OF INDIANS have been playing a game of "racquette ball" in Cincinnati and vicinity. It is about the same as the juvenile sport of "shinny," except that the ball is scooped up and thrown through the air. The past week the red men were in Dayton, sick and "strapped."

SOPHIE GANTZ, the child-woman, is soon to be taken to Europe for exhibition.

LINGARD'S MIMIC COMPANY showed in Newark, N. J., on the 11th inst. to a fair house, considering the state of the weather. The entertainment offered is pronounced first class. They remain there until the 13th.

PROF. WISEMAN, the wizard, held forth in Newark, N. J., during the past week.

TALENT of every description is advertised for by J. Heneage Carter, of the Carter Zouave Troupe, for next season.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXALS are advertised for Columbus, Ohio, 22d and 23d; Zanesville, 24th; Newark, 25th; Mansfield, 26th; Akron, 27th; Warren, 29th; and Greenville, Pa., 30th.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS, with Sol Smith Russell, the character vocalist, were to appear at Glen Falls, N. Y., June 15th.

COL. JOE BLAKESLEE, knight of the brush, at New Haven, Conn., has just been presented with a twelve pound heir.

MRS. DUNN, of divorce case fame, (?) is lecturing in the small towns in Connecticut upon her trials and tribulations.

HARTZ was to open at the St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 15th inst., for one week.

MR. C. G. FLINT, lessee of St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., had a benefit on the 13th inst., when the Alleghanians appeared and closed their season.

"THE PANORAMA OF THE WAR," which was on exhibition in this city for a few weeks, is at present in Boston. Sallie Brownson Goodrich does the lecturing.

ALF. BURNETT has commenced a brief season at Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston, assisted by Helen Nash and Emma C. Nichols.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMIQUE TROUPE will be at Woonsocket, R. I., on 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; Newport, R. I., on 19th and 20th; and New Bedford, Mass., on 22d and 23d. W. B. Harrison is with the troupe and is a favorite with the public.

MISS O'NEIL gave two of her Parlor Entertainments in Elmira, N. Y., assisted by nearly three hundred children, on the 12th and 13th inst.

THE BAKER FAMILY concertise in Burlington, Iowa, on the 24th inst.

ANY YOUNG MAN with a capital of from $300 to $500, which he wishes to invest in the show business, and act as treasurer, will find an opportunity to do so by glancing through our advertisements.

THEATRICAL and fancy shoes of every description are furnished by Joseph Somers, 270 Bowery, this city.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Philadelphia closed their season on the 11th.....The Boothenian played "Hamlet," with Mr. Curet in the title *role*, on the 4th. On the 11th they repeated "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," which was cast as before, with the exception of Mr. S. S. Smith, as Romain.....Mr. J. Wallace took a "ben." at the Hall of the "Wheatley" on the 12th, when he sustained the character of Badger in the "Streets of New York." Mr. George Shields, formerly low comedian in Boston, volunteered as the Newsboy, giving imitations of Frank and John Drew, Vestvali and others ...The "Craig" Association gave a performance last week. They perform every other week.

A PERFORMANCE OF "TOODLES" was given in Cairo, Ill., on May 27th, for the benefit of St. Mary's Infirmary. A correspondent writes us that the characters were sustained admirably.

THE RICHMOND, VA., EXCELSIOR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their third performance on June 3d. The pieces, says a correspondent, were "Black Eyed Susan" and "Love in all Corners," both of which were rendered in good style, well meriting the vociferous applause that was displayed during the evening. Mr. Daniel Fitzpatrick, as William, in the first mentioned play, was at home in the character. If he keeps on as he has commenced, in time he may become quite a meritorious actor. Mr. William Loader, as Capt. Crosstree, was all that could be desired. Mr. Charles F. Rosene as usual brought down the house by his very laughable impersonation of Jacob Twig. Theodore McDonald as the Admiral; H. J. Hawkins as Doggrass; Theodore Joseph as Greatbrain; Harry Cummings as Hatchet; Geo. M. Grogan as St. Pike; Chas. Lapham as Quid; Mr. Richard Kennedy as Seaweed; Mr. J. Smith as Blue Peter; Henry Mason as Raker; and E. S. Town as Tom, did well; each and every one acquitting himself admirably well for amateurs, many of whom had never been on the stage before. Blanche Middleton as Susan, and our Mary Jackson as Dolly, were perfect in the task, and effective and painstaking in their acting. Everybody in Richmond knows Blanche and Mary, and it is a work of supererogation to say one word in their favor. Rachael Hodgin, Mary Hope and Agnes Jackson looked very sweetly and danced very nicely, the favorite dance passing off well and was enthusiastically cheered. In the afterpiece the audience were perfectly convulsed throughout. Charlie Rosene as Simon, and M. E. Coleman as Quaker, were interestingly funny and kept everybody in roars of laughter. Mary Jackson as Sophia was good, while Rachael Hodgin surpassed any of her previous efforts by her lively and piquant delineation of Lucretia. Rose in the hands of Blanche Middleton was, of course, good. William Loader as Bolding, and Thomas McDonald as Charlie, contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece, while as for Richard Kennedy's Smart, it must be seen to be appreciated. His queer antics, comic gyrations and gesticulations were too unique to be described or conceived of. The curtain descended at the close of the piece amid great applause, and the Excelsior may well be proud of their performances that night. This association is now permanently organized with the following regular officers: President—Thos. McDonald; Vice President—Albert W. Kelley; Secretary—Harry Cummings; Treasurer—Edwin W. Hewitt; Assistant Treasurer—Thos. Costello; Stage Manager and General Manager—William E. Coleman; Chief Doorkeeper—Albert W. Kelly; Board of Managers—Wm. E. Coleman, Thos. McDonald, Thos. Josephs. A series of articles for the government of the association have been adopted; also rules and regulations for the government of the stage.

THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) AMATEURS gave a performance of "Guy Mannering" on the 5th inst. for Mr. Thompson at the New Memphis Theatre. A correspondent writes us that the house was crowded and that the performance passed off tolerably well. Mr. Louis Lenbrie enacted the part of Dominie Sampson and did it exceedingly well; he displayed rare talent in the part. Dandie Dinmont was also well played by Mr. R. N. Hart The feature of the evening was little Katie Gilbert, who played the part of Flora in fine style. Her song of "Little Barefoot" was immense; also her dance of "Highland Fling," which were both encored and repeated. She is possessed of a fine stage appearance and her voice is very sweet. Franco by Miss Eva Halstead was also done well; the lines, though few, were spoken in good style. Mrs. Thompson as Nelly did well, considering that she has been off the stage for many years.

THE HANNIBAL (MO.) DRAMATIC CLUB gave their sixth public entertainment in Hannibal on the 1st inst. to a crowded house. "Ben Bolt" and "Robert Macaire" were the pieces selected for the occasion. Both pieces are said to have been rendered admirably, especially the latter, in which C. G. Duffy as Macaire, and D. R. Newberry as Jacques Strop, and Mrs. Mary E. Angell as Maria, appeared to advantage.

Foreign Show News.

JOHN S. CLARKE has been meeting with a succession of good houses in Liverpool, Eng.

ROBERT HELLER, the magician, whose real name is W. H. Palmer, has applied to be discharged from his debts by the Bankruptcy Court, London, where he now is. He describes himself as formerly of Washington, United States, and afterwards of the "Metropolitan Hotel," New York. His debts are stated at £2,665. Most of his creditors are in New York and Washington. He ascribes his bankruptcy to having been sued by Hogg & Co., of Washington, one of the partners of which house is, we believe, his father-in-law.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—"Vive La Ligne," a one-act trifle by M. Jules de la Gorbe, which has been set to music by M. Augusta L'Evalle, is the latest novelty at the Folies Marigny. .....A two act comedy, by M. Jules Barbier, has been produced at the Odeon, with the title of "La Loterie du Mariage." It is pronounced a poor piece, and was but indifferently successful. .....The Parisian Dramatists have already availed themselves of their ignorance of the details of the Abyssinian expedition. "Theodoros, Roi d'Abyssinie," is the title of a piece prepared by M. M. Theodore Barriere and Henri Rochefort at the Chatelet Theatre.....Three persons of some note in the theatrical world of Paris have lately died. M. Mariiber, *maitre de ballet* at the opera, whose name is associated with "La Sylphide," "La Gipsy," "Le Diable Amoureux," "Lady Henriette," "Le Corsaire," and other works of that kind, died at the age of seventy, and the funeral oration over his remains was spoken by M. Petipa. Second on the list stands M. Ernest Capendu, who assisted M. Theodore Barriere in the composition of "Les Faux Bonshommes," one of the most successful dramatic works brought out in 1856, and who died at the age of forty-one. The third is Mlle. Judith Ferreyera, the actress, whose years did not exceed thirty-one. She made her *debut* at the Gymnase in 1849, passed a year at Rio Janeiro, returned to Paris, where she distinguished herself at the Varietes in "Les Princesses de la Rampe," and at the Porte St. Martin in "L'Outrage."..... The Italian tragedian, Rossi, is about to appear in Paris, in a drama adapted from the Italian of Signor Bertazzi by M. Ferdinand Dugue. The scene of his appearance will probably be the Porte St. Martin or the Gaite.....M. Fechter and Felix, late of the French Company at the St. James Theatre, London, are in Paris trying to negotiate with M'dlle. Schneider for her appearance in "La Grande Duchesse" and other opera bouffes in London this season. The French "star," it is said, at first demanded the modest sum of £80 a night. Madlle. Julia Barron will also be engaged, who has lately become a great favorite in Paris, during the run of "L'Oeil Creve." She used to wear real diamonds in the first act, and nothing but pearls in the second; and this attraction formed at least a quarter of her charms to the Parisians. What French artistes think of the capacity of an English public to pay for amusement may be gathered from the fact that M. Offenbach asked for an original opera, with English libretto, £1,000 down as a *prime*, i.e., his first price, on account, then £5 per night for the run, and a second sum of £1,000 on his piece reaching its hundredth representation. M. Offenbach refused an offer to go to the Alhambra as being beneath his dignity to conduct in a music hall.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The only important event that has occurred in London since our last, has been the advent of Kate Reignolds at the Princess' Theatre, where she made her *debut* on May 23d as Donna Violante in "The Wonder." The *Era* says: "Her reception was of the most cordial kind, and her acting fully justified the warm plaudits continued through the comedy. Her appearance is greatly to her advantage, and a good figure, pleasing face, and brilliantly expressive eyes, may be especially noted as at once prepossessing the spectators in her favor. Old playgoers would be pleasantly reminded of Miss Chester in the same character, and there is no doubt of the agreeable impression generally conveyed. The comedy was presented in that compressed form which has been usually adopted of late years on the English, as well as on the American stage, and the dashing style of the actress gave excellent effect to the familiar situations. There is no trace of the American tone in the elocution of Miss Kate Reignolds; her gestures are graceful and unrestrained, and her entire performance shows that she possesses an enthusiastic love of her art, and a perfect command of all its resources, derived from earnest study and sustained practice." Watts Phillips' drama of "Nobody's Child" was produced on the same evening, with Frank Drew as Peter Grice.....Mr. Chas. Reade's drama of "It's Never too Late to Mend" was revived at the Grecian on May 25th. This piece, or one closely resembling it, was some years since produced at this theatre, Mr. G. Conquest appearing in it as Peter Crawley, and Mr. T. Mead as the Jew, Levi. .....At the Haymarket, each evening of the week, ending May 31st, "The Ladies' Champion," "A Hero of Romance" and "A Co-operative Movement," were played.....'Go to Putney" and "No Thoroughfare" held possession of the Adelphi.....No change of performance has occurred at the Lyceum, Queen's, Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Surrey, Sadler's Wells, Pavilion and Alexandra Theatres, nor at the Holborn Amphitheatre.....On May 25th, at the St. James', "I'Invite le Colonel," "La Veuve au Camelia" and "L'Omelette Fantastique" were given. "La Fils de Giboyer" was presented on the 26th; on the 27th and 28th witnessed "Les Crochets du Pere Martin" and "Les Meli-Melo de Rue Mesley;" and on the 29th and 30th, M. Augier's comedy, "Michael Guerin".....'The Postboy," "The White Fawn" and "Honeydove's Troubles" were performed at the Holborn on May 25th, 26th and 27th; on May 28th Charles Reade's "Foul Play" was produced, and it is pronounced full of strong situations, generally very well acted, and in some instances admirably so. The new piece secured throughout the close attention of a numerous and fashionable auditory and at the end received the warmest plaudits from the delighted spectators. It is full of incidents, the action never flags for a moment, some of the situations are entirely novel and all of them are effective. The piece is condensed from the book with great tact. The spectators are rapidly and effectively placed in possession of all that it is necessary for them to know in order to comprehend the motives of the personages who figure in the representation, and there is not a superfluous word in the dialogue. The first of the four acts, into which the drama is divided, is singularly well managed with regard to brevity and clearness. "Foul Play" may not attain the exceptional popularity of "Flying Scud," but it is a highly entertaining and remarkably effective drama, which deserves to have a lengthy run.....The Menken continues at Saddler's Wells in the character of "Mazeppa."..... For the week ending June 6th various alterations were to be made at the establishments which remain open in celebration of the holidays of Whitsuntide; and the Gardens of Cremorne, Highbury, North Woolwich and Rosherville will then develop to the utmost their numerous attractions.....'King John" was revived at the Standard on May 26th; Mr. Ryder was the King; Mr. Verner, Faulconbridge; Mr. Rayner, Hubert; Miss Page, Lady Constance, and Miss Taylor, Arthur..... At the Marylebone the Scottish drama of "Jeanie Deans" has been revived; "Robert le Grange" and "A Betting Boy's Career" have also been performed.....'Jack o'Lantern" and "The Dark Side of the Metropolis" have been the attractions at the Britannia.....'Woman's Worth" and "The Trovatore" have been revived at the East London.....Mr. Alfred Wigan has withdrawn from the management of the Queen's Theatre, but Mr. and Mrs. Wigan will, as heretofore, direct and superintend the production of the pieces in which they perform.....Mr. H. Irving was to take his benefit at the Queen's Theatre June 1st, on which occasion he was to play Charles Surface, in "The School for Scandal." Mr. Alfred Wigan, as Sir Joseph; Mrs. Wigan, Mrs. Candour; Miss Nellie Moore, Lady Teazle; Mr. Toole, Moses, and Mr. L. Brough, Crabtree.....Mr. Charles Mathews was to take his benefit at the Olympic Theatre on June 3d. For this occasion Mr. Mathews and Mr. Ravel were to repeat their performance of Brown and Gorgo, in "L'Anglais Timide." Mrs. Mathews was to give her impersonation of Harriet Ruth, in "Black Sheep." .....The Strand Music Hall, one of the most unlucky and short-lived of all London places of amusement, after being closed for many months, offered for sale under the winding-up acts more than once, and could not be purchased, by agents in search of a synagogue, has been bought by a gentleman of capital for a new London theatre. Many changes will have to be made in the building. The work of reconstruction will begin about the same time as the building of the new Lyons Inn Theatre, in Newcastle street, and it will be curious to see which house will be opened first. Both these theatres will have the advantage of a Strand frontage, as the south side of Holywell street is condemned, and the north side of that street will ultimately be the north side of the Strand from St. Mary's to St. Clement's Church.....The five finest soprano singers of the day—Patti, Titiens, Kellogg, Lucca, and Nilsson—are now in London.....The foundation stone of Her Majesty's Theatre was discovered on May 30th, whilst removing the foundations. The stone was raised in the presence of Messrs. Lee and Pain, and in a cavity in the bed of the stone was found a guinea, date 1788; half guinea, 1789; a shilling, date 1787; a sixpence, date 1787; a four-penny piece, date 1786; a three penny piece, date 1772; a two penny piece, date 1686; and a silver penny, date 1786. The position of the stone was in the north wall of the box corridor, on the centre line of the auditorium, under the opening leading from the hall to the pit corridor, at a depth of 2ft. 3in. below the paving of the hall. The dimensions of the stone are 2ft. 1in. long. 1ft.1¾in. wide, and 1ft. deep. The inscriptions on the stone are as follows:—On the top—"The first stone of this new theatre was laid on the 3d of April, 1790, in the 30th year of the reign of King George III, by the Right Honorable John Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire.—*Ancior pretiosa facit.*" On the front—"The King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, first built in 1703." At the right end—"But unfortunately destroyed by fire on the 17th of June, 1789." On the back—"*Prevalebit justitia*".....June 5th is the date fixed for a performance at the Haymarket, the proceeds to be given to the Dramatic College. The entertainments will commence at two, and the following members of the theatrical profession will appear in the comedy of "London Assurance:" Messrs. Buckstone, Webster, Charles Mathews, Toole, Sothern, Addison, Montague, Vincent, Irving, Mrs. Charles Mathews, Miss Nelly Moore, and Mrs. Keeley. In "A Roland for an Oliver," which is to conclude the entertainments, Messrs. Chippendale, Walter Lacy, Henry Neville, and Belmore; with Mrs. John Wood, Miss Louisa Moore, and Miss E. Farren will appear. The whole affair is under the direction of E. A. Sothern

LADY DON took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on May 22d. "Under the Gaslight" was produced, also the burlesque of "Perseus and Andromeda."

MR. AND MRS. HERMANN VEZIN closed an engagement in Dublin on June 6th. For her benefit Mrs. H. played Donna Diana and Lady Audley.....It is announced that Mr. Sefton Parry intends to erect a theatre on the site of Lyon's Inn, corner of Newcastle street, Strand. Another is also to be made from the Strand Music Hall, which has been for some time closed. The latter and adjacent property is reported to have been purchased by Mr. Lawson; and Miss Laura Keene, with a most successful dramatic author, are to hold the reigns of management.....The Prince of Wales Concert Hall, at the bottom of Kirkgate, Leeds, and capable of seating about 1,500 persons, was destroyed by fire on May 26th. Great fears were at first entertained for the adjoining property, but fortunately they were not realised, and the fire was got under by great exertions about three o'clock; it broke out at eleven. The property was advertised to be sold by auction the day after it was destroyed.

VESTVALI is playing in all the principal towns of Germany with success in "Romeo," "Hamlet," "Waffengang," "Lady Macbeth," "Queen Elizabeth," "Maria Stuart," and has been pronounced a great artist.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Mr. F. Lyster, a member of Lyster's opera company, has brought a deal of unpopularity upon himself, through, in an unguarded moment, having expressed himself not at all sorry at the dastardly attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh, which had been attempted at Sydney. The objectionable language was made use of at Ballaarat, and at an indignation meeting which took place Mr. Lyster denied having made any disparaging statements concerning the Duke. He, however, made an apology, saying:—"He certainly did regret, and that most sincerely, having used any unguarded expressions that could be thought disloyal, and he *apologised for having done so.*" The words imputed to have been made use of by Mr. Lyster were that "He was glad of it; if the whole of the family were served the same way it would be a good job; that he did not believe in any —— son of a —— of a Royal Highness being over him; it was derogatory to him as a man." Mr. F. Lyster is an Irish-American.....Mr. Burton, who is the proprietor of an equestrian troupe, and Mr. William Barlow, who was in connection with him, and exhibited performing dogs and monkeys, were shipwrecked some time since near Manilla. From a letter received by Mrs. Barlow from her husband we make the following extract:—"Walter Burton and I started very comfortably and were doing very well among the islands, until we met with the great misfortune to be ship wrecked. We have lost everything—horses, dogs, monkeys, dresses, properties, &c. Not a single thing saved. By a very narrow chance we saved our own lives. We were six weeks before we could get back from the island where we were wrecked to Manilla."..... Dolly Green made her re-appearance in Melbourne at the Princess' Theatre as Satanella in the comedy of "Who Killed Cock Robin."..... The burlesque of "Acis and Galatea" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on March 7th. Marion Dunn appeared as Acis, and "That Rascal" Jack Dunn as Polyphemus.

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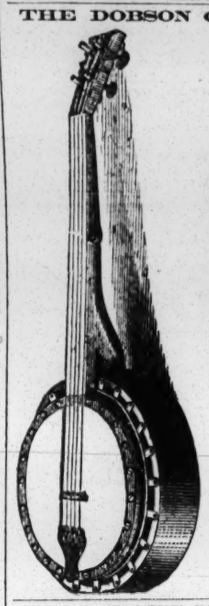

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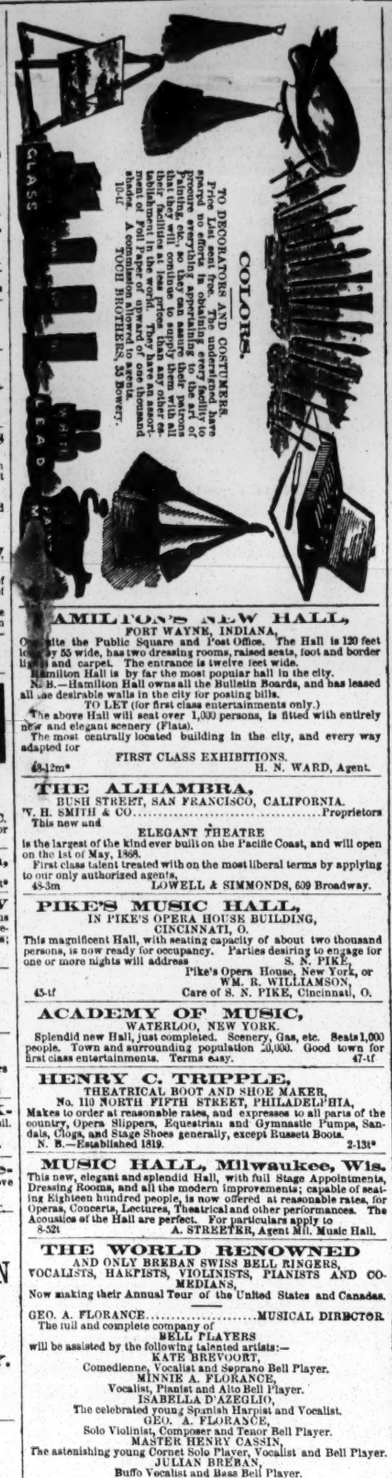

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